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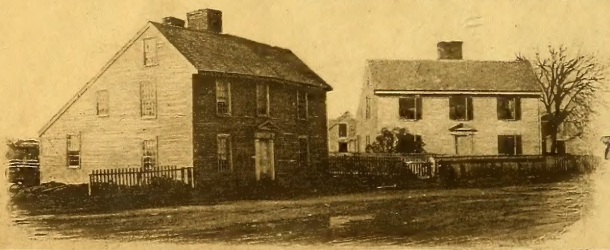

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THE

CHRISTIAN PSALTER:

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

"They shall come and sing in the height of Zion." — JER. xxxi. 12.

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." — EPH. v. 19.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

M.DCCC.XLI.

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PREFACE.

THIS Collection of Psalms and Hymns, it will be seen, depends mainly upon Watts and Doddridge, whose superiority to all other English hymn-writers is generally conceded. The compiler has not regarded it a sufficient reason for omitting any of their hymns, that they are familiar; but has rather wished to increase the number of pieces by authors of such decided and acknowledged merit.

The writings of the various authors, whose compositions are here given, have been consulted when they could be procured; and much the largest portion of the contents of this volume has been copied from original sources, and not from previous compilations.

It has not been the design of the present Collection, by frequent alterations of the hymns, to force them to conform minutely to any particular standard of taste or of theology. In poetry, it seems unnecessary to judge by the same rigid rules that would be applicable to a philosophical treatise in prose on the several points of Christian doctrine. The authors of the various books of Scripture did not measure their language and thoughts with the exactness of logicians; and modern sacred poetry may be allowed a similar freedom in regard to imagery, sentiment, and expression.

In the present volume, while those parts of hymns have been omitted, which did not suit the purpose of the com-

piler, and in some few cases the stanzas of a hymn have been transposed, and in a single instance, a stanza taken from one hymn by Watts has been united with a stanza from another hymn, by the same author, on a kindred subject,—the principle has, at the same time, been adopted, to adhere to the words which the authors themselves used, so far as they could be ascertained. Some hymns, as they here stand, may therefore appear to be altered, merely because the original has been restored. An example occurs in the excellent version, by Watts, of the one hundredth psalm. Many readers will probably be surprised when they learn that the familiar line with which this version commences in most collections — "Before Jehovah's awful throne" — was not written by Watts. The alterations which have been made so freely by compilers, have seldom proved as happy as in the instance just given. Most commonly they mangle the original unnecessarily, weaken its vigor, quench its fire, and reduce what is striking and peculiar to a tame mediocrity.

It is hoped that the mode of classifying the hymns, adopted in this volume, may be found, by those who may have occasion to use it, so simple and comprehensive as to render unnecessary a more extended and particular index of subjects.

With the sincere prayer that it may contribute somewhat to increase the interest which is felt in a delightful part of Christian worship, this compilation is now submitted to the public.

William P. Lunt.

Quincy, *October* 11, 1841.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Hymn.

According to thy gracious word....601
A charge to keep I have....447
Afflicted saint, to God draw near....164
Again the Lord of life and light....237
Again we've seen the Sabbath day....633
Ah, wretched souls who strive in vain....452
Alas! how swift the moments fly....471
All hail, mysterious King....198
All mortal vanities, begone....534
All nature dies and lives again....496
All-powerful, self-existent God....66
All that in this wide world we see....625
Almighty God, thy word is cast....589
Almighty King, whose wondrous hand....178
Almighty Maker, God....24
Almighty Maker, Lord of all....340
Almighty Ruler of the skies....637
Amazing, beauteous change....280
Am I a soldier of the cross....441
Amidst a world of hopes and fears....325
Among the gods there's none like thee....64
Among the princes, earthly gods....19
And art thou with us, gracious Lord....166
And is salvation brought so near....258
And is the gospel peace and love....262
And must this body die....509
And now another day is gone....694
And will the eternal King....583
Another day its course hath run....696
Another six days' work is done....535
As pants the hart for cooling streams....355
As showers on meadows newly mown....305
As the hart with eager looks....356
At anchor laid, remote from home....308
At God's command the morning ray....134
Author of good, we rest on thee....398
A voice from the desert comes, awful and shrill....194
Awake, my drowsy soul, awake....449
Awake, my soul, and with the sun....674
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes....451

Hymn.
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve....429
Awake, our drowsy souls....545
Awake, our souls, away, our fears....427
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes....531
Away from every mortal care....561

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay....3
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme....121
Behold, how good it is....388
Behold my servant, see him rise....190
Behold the amazing sight....230
Behold, the grace appears....203
Behold, the lofty sky....296
Behold, the morning sun....289
Behold, the mountain of the Lord....188
Behold the path that mortals tread....489
Behold the Prince of Peace....251
Behold the western evening light....656
Behold, what wondrous grace....350
Behold, where, breathing love divine....611
Behold, where, in a mortal form....261
Beneath our feet and o'er our head....497
Beset with snares on every hand....329
Bless, O my soul, the living God....106
Blessed be the everlasting God....239
Blest are the humble souls that see....459
Blest are the pure in heart....439
Blest are the sons of peace....387
Blest are the souls that hear and know....267
Blest Instructor, from thy ways....326
Blest is the man who fears the Lord....391
Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord....466
Blest is the man who shuns the place....422
Blest is the mortal whose delight....424
Blest Savior, Source of grace divine....306
Bright King of glory, dreadful God....49
Bright Source of everlasting love....627
Bright was the guiding star that led....211
Brother, thou art gone before us....659
By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears....484

Calm, on the listening ear of night....209
Can creatures to perfection find....127
Celestial King, our spirits lie....131
Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light....321
Come, children, learn to fear the Lord....636
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell....315
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove....313
Come, let us, anew, our journey pursue....652

Hymn.
Come, let us search our ways and try 433
Come, let us sing unto the Lord 567
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice 253
Come, sound his praise abroad 574
Come, thou Almighty King 581
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit 317
Come to the house of prayer 556
Come, we that love the Lord 462
Could I so false, so faithless prove 74
Creator, Spirit, by whose aid 311

Dear fountain of delight unknown 318
Death cannot make our souls afraid 507
Do not I love thee, O my Lord 384

Early, my God, without delay 539
Earth's old foundations thou hast laid 69
Eternal and immortal King 125
Eternal God, Almighty Cause 63
Eternal God, our wondering souls 506
Eternal Power, whose high abode 132
Eternal Source of every joy 655
Eternal Source of life and light 316
Eternal Source of life and thought 336
Eternal Sovereign of the sky 648
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise 77
Exalt the Lord our God 124

Fairest of all the lights above 18
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss 381
Faith is the brightest evidence 376
Farewell, thou once a mortal 666
Far from mortal cares retreating 569
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee 373
Father divine, before thy view 394
Father divine, the Savior cried 231
Father divine, thy piercing eye 374
Father, how wide thy glory shines 90
Father, I long, I faint to see 527
Father in heaven, thy sacred name 334
Father of all, in every age 335
Father of light, conduct my feet 319
Father of lights, we sing thy name 140
Father of mercies, in thy word 286
Father of mercies, send thy grace 630
Father of our feeble race 568
Father, Refuge of my soul 349
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss 342
For thee in Zion waiteth praise 138

Hymn.
For thee, O God, our constant praise....562
Forth from the dark and stormy sky....559
Fountain of mercy, God of love....618
From all that dwell below the skies....29
From Greenland's icy mountains....631
From the table now retiring....613
From thy great self thy being springs....47

Give me the wings of faith to rise....265
Give thanks to God; he reigns above....486
Give thanks to God most high....60
Give to our God immortal praise....61
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame....92
Give to the winds thy fears....457
Glory to God that walks the sky....271
Glory to thee, my God, this night....683
God from his cloudy cistern pours....40
God, in the gospel of his Son....287
God is a Spirit, just and wise....435
God is the refuge of his saints....348
God moves in a mysterious way....158
God, my Supporter and my Hope....364
God of eternity, from thee....495
God of mercy, God of love....412
God of my childhood and my youth....697
God of my life, through all its days....25
God of the morning, at whose voice....677
God reigns; events in order flow....157
God's perfect law converts the soul....290
God, that madest earth and heaven....684
God, to correct a guilty world....642
God, who in various methods told....293
God, who is just and kind....346
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name....623
Good is the Lord, the heavenly King....136
Go to dark Gethsemane....236
Grace, 'tis a charming sound....257
Great Author of all nature's frame....390
Great Author of the immortal mind....338
Greatest of Beings! Source of life....26
Great Father of each perfect gift....312
Great Father of mankind....217
Great Former of this various frame....71
Great Framer of unnumbered worlds....614
Great God, attend while Zion sings....552
Great God, at whose all-powerful call....104
Great God, how infinite art thou....70
Great God, indulge my humble claim....573
Great God, in vain man's narrow view....128

Hymn.
Great God, my Father and my Friend....448
Great God, should thy severer eye....118
Great God, thine attributes divine....133
Great God, this sacred day of thine....544
Great God, we sing that mighty hand....651
Great God, what do I see and hear....518
Great God, whose universal sway....273
Great is our God, his works of might....33
Great is the Lord, his power unknown....88
Great is the Lord our God....554
Great Lord of earth, and seas, and skies....156
Great Prophet of my God....248
Great Ruler of all nature's frame....116
Great Ruler of the earth and skies....647
Great Source of being and of love....307
Great Source of life, our souls confess....169
Great Teacher of thy church, we own....453

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews....382
Hail, everlasting Prince of Peace....389
Hail, great Creator, wise and good....32
Hail to the Lord's Anointed....218
Hail to the Sabbath day....548
Happy the church, thou sacred place....549
Happy the heart where graces reign....383
Happy the man whose cautious steps....445
Happy the man whose tender care....629
Happy the meek, whose gentle breast....438
Hark! a voice divides the sky....661
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord....255
Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes....196
Hark! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice....264
Hark! 'tis the holy temple's bell....536
Hear, O my people, to my law....181
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken....279
Hear what the Lord in vision said....246
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims....662
He dies, the heavenly Lover dies....228
Here, in a world of doubt....357
Here, in the broken bread....602
Here, to the High and Holy One....619
High as the heavens above the ground....99
High in the heavens, eternal God....59
High on a hill of dazzling light....179
Holy, holy, holy Lord....587
Honor and happiness unite....430
Hosanna to the Prince of Light....241
How are thy glories here displayed....603
How are thy servants blessed, O Lord....699

Hymn.
How beauteous are their feet....215
How blest are they who always keep....419
How blest is he who ne'er consents....421
How blest thy creature is, O God....252
How gentle God's commands....163
How gracious and how wise....167
How happy is he born and taught....458
How honorable is the place....560
How long shall death the tyrant reign....512
How long shall dreams of creature bliss....303
How lovely are thy dwellings fair....558
How pleasant, how divinely fair....563
How pleased and blessed was I....550
How rich thy bounty, King of kings....670
How rich thy favors, God of grace....113
How rich thy gifts, Almighty King....645
How shall I praise the eternal God....50
How shall the young secure their hearts....297
How short and hasty is our life....470
How should the sons of Adam's race....123
How still and peaceful is the grave....498
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound....221
How swift the torrent rolls....499
How vast the treasure we possess....142
How wondrous great, how glorious bright....130
Ho, ye that thirst, approach the spring....189

If God to build the house deny....155
I hear the voice of woe....454
I lift my heart to thee....407
I lift my soul to God....411
I'll praise my Maker with my breath....107
I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord....119
Imposture shrinks from light....298
In all my vast concerns with thee....72
Indulgent God, whose bounteous care....686
Infinite leagues beyond the sky....126
Infinite Power, Eternal Lord....177
In God's own house pronounce his praise....20
In Judah God of old was known....183
In Judah's rugged wilderness....220
In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth....635
In pleasant lands have fallen the lines....639
In sleep's serene oblivion laid....675
Interval of grateful shade....679
In the soft season of thy youth....634
In the sun, and moon, and stars....517
In vain the erring world inquires....370
I send the joys of earth away....368

Hymn.
I sing my Savior's wondrous death....229
I sing the almighty power of God....46
Is there ambition in my heart....437
It comes, the long-expected morn....204
I will extol thee, Lord, on high....162
I would not live alway; I ask not to stay....502

Jehovah God, thy gracious power....103
Jesus is gone above the skies....600
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun....272
Jesus, the Friend of man....606
Joy to the world! the Lord is come....202

Keep silence, all created things....97

Laden with guilt and full of fears....292
Let all the earth their voices raise....274
Let all the heathen writers join....295
Let all the just to God with joy....54
Let children hear the mighty deeds....180
Let every creature join....12
Let every mortal ear attend....254
Let every tongue thy goodness speak....115
Let God arise in all his might....53
Let heaven arise, let earth appear....45
Let heaven burst forth into a song....193
Let one loud song of praise arise....4
Let others boast how strong they be....482
Let Pharisees of high esteem....386
Let the whole race of creatures lie....160
Let us with a gladsome mind....7
Life is the time to serve the Lord....492
Lift your voice and thankful sing....62
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain....472
Lo, from the everlasting skies....403
Lo, God is here, let us adore....557
Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine....153
Long have I sat beneath the sound....408
Look back, my soul, with grateful love....170
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing....593
Lord, how secure and blessed are they....465
Lord, I have made thy word my choice....288
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear....671
Lord, I will bless thee all my days....175
Lord of all worlds, let thanks and praise....691
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows....543
Lord of the worlds above....555
Lord, thou art good, all nature shows....101
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through....73
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray....678

Hymn.
Lord, through the dubious path of life....344
Lord, 'tis an infinite delight....367
Lord, we adore thy vast designs....159
Lord, we adore thy wondrous name....483
Lord, we have wandered from thy way....409
Lord, what a feeble piece....469
Lord, what our ears have heard....598
Lord, when iniquities abound....455
Lord, when I quit this earthly stage....372
Lord, when we bend before thy throne....579
Lord, who's the happy man that may....415
Loud be thy name adored....260
Loud to the Prince of heaven....276
Lo, what a glorious sight appears....277
Lowly and solemn be....657

Man has a soul of vast desires....369
Mark the soft-falling snow....278
May the grace of Christ our Savior....594
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven....379
My dear Redeemer and my Lord....263
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so....406
My God, all nature owns thy sway....43
My God, how cheerful is the sound....304
My God, how endless is thy love....688
My God, if possible it be....235
My God, I love and I adore....129
My God, in whom are all the springs....28
My God, I thank thee ; may no thought....399
My God, my everlasting hope....698
My God, my King, thy various praise....80
My God, my portion and my love....371
My God, permit me not to be....375
My God, permit my tongue....565
My God, the covenant of thy love....362
My God, the steps of pious men....425
My God, who makes the sun to know....693
My God, whose all-pervading eye....365
My gracious Lord, I own thy right....353
My Helper, God, I bless his name....649
My Maker and my King....102
My never-ceasing songs shall show....120
My Shepherd is the living Lord....148
My Shepherd is the living Lord....150
My Shepherd is the Lord on high....154
My soul, before thy Maker kneel....112
My soul, how lovely is the place....580
My soul lies cleaving to the dust....330
My soul, repeat his praise....110
My soul, the awful hour will come....505

Hymn.
My soul, thy great Creator praise....39
My thoughts, that often mount the skies....501

Naked as from the earth we came....392
Nations, attend before his throne....570
No change of times shall ever shock....171
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear has heard....526
Not to ourselves, who are but dust....172
Not to the terrors of the Lord....268
No war, nor battle's sound....205
Now be my heart inspired to sing....247
Now be the God of Israel blessed....200
Now from the roaring lion's rage....233
Now let a true ambition rise....442
Now let our mourning hearts revive....669
Now let our voices join....488
Now let the glad, converted world....94
Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown....591
Now may He who from the dead....595
Now may the God of power and grace....644
Now Morning lifts her dewy veil....537
Now to the Lord a noble song....256

O, all ye people, clap your hands....27
O, blessed souls are they....404
O, bless the Lord, my soul....109
O, bow thine ear, Eternal One....621
O, come and sing your Maker's name....55
O, come, loud anthems let us sing....566
O for a closer walk with God....358
O for a prophet's fire....604
O for a shout of sacred joy....13
O God, by whom the seed is given....590
O God, I thank thee that the night....695
O God, to thee my sinking soul....397
O God, we praise thee and confess....1
O God, whose dread and dazzling brow....585
O God, whose presence glows in all....624
O God, with goodness all thy own....8
O happy Christian, who can boast....431
O, happy is the man who hears....467
O, happy soul that lives on high....432
O, heal me, Lord, for I am weak....354
O, hear me, Lord, to thee I call....339
O, here, if ever, God of love....605
O, how delightful is the road....564
O, how I love thy holy law....299
O, judge me, Lord, for thou art just....352
O King of earth, and air, and sea....343

Hymn.
O Lord, another day is flown 690
O Lord, how excellent thy name 44
O Lord, my best desire fulfil 400
O Lord my God, how great art thou 42
O Lord of life, and truth, and grace 626
O Lord, our fathers oft have told 182
O Lord, our heavenly King 93
O Lord, thy all-discerning eyes 75
O Lord, thy mercy my sure hope 58
O, lovely voices of the sky 206
O, not for these alone I pray 612
On thee each morning, O my God 673
O, render thanks to God above 111
O that the Lord would guide my ways 327
O that the race of men would raise 701
O that thy statutes every hour 351
O the Almighty Lord 51
O the immense, the amazing height 91
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry 414
O thou, the first, the greatest Friend 67
O thou, to whom all creatures bow 86
O thou, whose own vast temple stands 622
O thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides 320
O, timely happy, timely wise 676
O, 'tis a lovely thing to see 456
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed 283
Our Father, throned above the sky 584
Our God, our help in ages past 480
Our prayer is heard, the Holy Dove 284
Our souls shall magnify the Lord 199
Our souls with pleasing wonder view 108
O ye immortal throng 243
O ye the sons of mighty ones 84
O Zion, tune thy voice 275

Parent of universal good 141
Patience, O, what a grace divine 440
Perpetual Source of light and grace 410
Placed on the verge of youth, my mind 490
Praise to God, immortal praise 617
Praise to thee, thou great Creator 31
Praise to the goodness of the Lord 377
Praise to the Lord of boundless might 309
Praise to the radiant Source of bliss 485
Praise to the Sovereign of the sky 395
Praise to thy name, eternal God 310
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir 17
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire 331

Hymn.
Raise your triumphant songs 245
Rejoice, the Lord is King 137
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord 56
Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high 242
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds 650
Ride on, ride on in majesty 225
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise 216

Salvation is forever nigh 259
Save my soul, which thou didst cherish 413
See how he loved, exclaimed the Jews 610
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand 597
See what a living stone 542
Send forth, O God, thy truth and light 347
Servant of God, well done 668
Shall wisdom cry aloud 76
Shine forth, eternal Source of light 323
Shine on our souls, eternal God 345
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing 210
Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord 52
Sing to Jehovah a new song 21
Sing to the Lord a song of praise 641
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name 575
Sing to the Lord, that built the skies 48
Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims 185
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands 197
Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord 487
Sing ye with praise unto the Lord 9
Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares 547
So fades the lovely, blooming flower 664
So let our lips and lives express 444
Sometimes a light surprises 460
Songs of immortal praise belong 78
Sons of men, behold from far 213
Soon as I heard my Father say 332
Soon shall this earthly frame, dissolved 521
Soon will our fleeting hours be past 586
Sovereign of life, I own thy hand 692
Spirit of truth, on this thy day 282
Spring up, my soul, with ardent flight 477
Stand up and bless the Lord 14
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears 428
Supreme and universal light 324
Supreme in wisdom as in power 302
Sure, to the mansions of the blest 665
Sweet is the memory of thy grace 105
Sweet is the work, my God, my King 540

Teach me, O teach me, Lord, thy way 322
Teach me the measure of my days 478

Hymn.
Thanks be to God, the Lord 240
That day of wrath, that dreadful day 519
That man is blest who stands in awe 434
That man is blest who stands in awe 468
The Almighty reigns exalted high 114
The billows swell; the winds are high 328
The darkened sky, how thick it lowers 493
The day approacheth, O my soul 514
The day of wrath, that dreadful day 520
The earth and all the heavenly frame 139
The earth forever is the Lord's 418
The ever-living God 513
The evils that beset our path 475
Thee we adore, eternal Name 474
The glories of my Maker, God 23
The glories of our birth and state 479
The God who reigns alone 65
The heavenly spheres to thee, O God 685
The heaven of heavens cannot contain 577
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord 36
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord 294
The heavens invite mine eye 359
The hour of my departure's come 503
The lands that long in darkness lay 191
The law by Moses came 269
The Lord declares his will 270
The Lord descended from above 87
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord 149
The Lord, how absolute he reigns 16
The Lord, how tender is his love 396
The Lord in Zion placed his name 620
The Lord Jehovah reigns 85
The Lord Jehovah reigns 96
The Lord my pasture shall prepare 152
The Lord my Shepherd is 151
The Lord of glory is my light 553
The Lord our God is full of might 89
The Lord receives his highest praise 380
The Lord will come; the earth shall quake 516
The Lord will happiness divine 405
The man in life wherever placed 423
The man is blest that hath not bent 420
The morning flowers display their sweets 663
The offerings to thy throne which rise 578
The promises I sing 122
The race that long in darkness pined 212
There is a book, who runs may read 34
There is a glorious world on high 524
There is a God, all nature speaks 35

Hymn.
There is a house, not made with hands....523
There is a land of pure delight....525
There's nothing round these painted skies....529
The righteous Lord, supremely great....361
The Savior comes; no outward pomp....192
The Savior! what a noble flame....226
These glorious minds, how bright they shine....533
These mortal joys, how soon they fade....530
The solemn season calls us now....616
The spacious firmament on high....37
The Spirit breathes upon the word....291
The swift declining day....491
The true Messiah now appears....244
The uplifted eye and bended knee....615
Thine influence, mighty God, is felt....314
Think, mighty God, on feeble man....511
This is the day the Lord hath made....541
This spacious earth is all the Lord's....417
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee....658
Thou art the first, and thou the last....596
Thou, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen....249
Thou, Lord, through every changing scene....184
Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven....426
Through all the changing scenes of life....174
Through every age, eternal God....481
Through sorrow's night, and danger's path....500
Thus far the Lord has led me on....682
Thus saith the first, the great command....385
Thus saith the high and lofty One....402
Thus saith the Lord, The spacious fields....443
Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls....117
Thy name, Almighty Lord....30
Thy presence, everlasting God....588
Tired with the burdens of the day....672
'Tis by the faith of joys to come....378
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand....135
'Tis enough; the hour is come....219
"'Tis finished!" so the Savior cried....227
'Tis gone! that bright and orbed blaze....687
'Tis my happiness below....165
To all thy faithful people, Lord....592
To bless thy chosen race....11
To God, the mighty Lord....5
To God, the only wise....22
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes....146
Toiling through the livelong night....201
To keep the lamp alive....300
To-morrow, Lord, is thine....473
To our Almighty Maker, God....266

Hymn.

To prayer, to prayer, for the morning breaks 689
To thee, my God, my days are known.....173
To thee, O God, we homage pay.....250
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head 187
Turn to the stars of heaven thine eyes.....38
'Twas by an order from the Lord 285
'Twas on that night, when doomed to know 599

Unshaken as the sacred hill 176
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb 660
Up to the fields where angels lie 360
Up to the hills I lift my eyes.....145
Upward I lift my eyes.....144

Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord.....41
Vital spark of heavenly flame.....504

Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope 393
Watchman, tell us of the night.....195
Weak and irresolute is man 301
Weary, and weak, and faint.....461
We bless the Lord, the just, the good.....143
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....538
We meditate the day 214
We praise thee, God; thee we confess.....2
What if death my sleep invade 681
What is our God, or what his name 81
What seraph of celestial birth 95
What sinners value I resign.....528
What though downy slumbers flee.....680
What thousands never knew the road 494
What various hindrances we meet 333
What works of wisdom, power, and love 222
When all thy mercies, O my God 168
When, as returns this solemn day 546
When, at this distance, Lord, we trace 223
When by the flowing brooks we sat.....702
When darkness long has veiled my mind.....463
When fancy spreads her boldest wings 366
When God is nigh, my faith is strong.....508
When God of old came down from heaven..... 281
When God, provoked with daring crimes.....638
When God revealed his gracious name.....161
When Hagar found the bottle spent.....628
When I can read my title clear.....532
When Israel, of the Lord beloved.....186
When I survey the wondrous cross.....608
When I with pleasing wonder stand.....79
When Jordan hushed his waters still.....208

Hymn.
When o'er the billow-heaving deep....640
When overwhelmed with grief....363
When power divine in mortal form....224
When rising from the bed of death....515
When the last trumpet's awful voice....510
When we devote our youth to God....632
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay....436
Wherewith shall I approach the Lord....576
While shepherds watched their flocks by night....207
While some in folly's pleasures roll....464
While sounds of war are heard around....643
While thee I seek, protecting Power....337
While with ceaseless course the sun....653
Who has believed thy word....232
Who shall inhabit in thy hill....416
Why did the Gentiles rage....234
Why do we mourn departing friends....667
Why should I fear in evil days....476
With glory clad, with strength arrayed....68
With God my Friend, the radiant sun....401
With one consent let all the earth....571
With pity, Lord, thy servant view....341
With reverence let the saints appear....83
With sacred joy we lift our eyes....582
With songs and honors sounding loud....654
With warm affection let us view....609
Would you behold the works of God....700

Ye boundless realms of joy....6
Ye followers of the Prince of Peace....607
Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell....522
Ye holy souls, in God rejoice....57
Ye nations round the earth, rejoice....572
Ye servants of the Almighty King....98
Ye servants of the Lord....450
Ye servants of the Lord....551
Ye sons of men, a feeble race....147
Yes, the Redeemer rose....238
Ye subjects of the Lord, proclaim....100
Ye tribes of Adam, join....10
Ye weak inhabitants of clay....82
Your thanks unto the Lord express....15

Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame....446
Zion, rejoice, and, Judah, sing....646

INDEX OF PSALMS.

Psalm.	Hymn.
1	420, 421, 422, 423, 424.
2	234.
3	672.
4	370, 678.
5	671.
6	354.
8	86, 93, 637.
15	415, 416.
16	508.
17	528.
18	87, 171.
19	36, 37, 38, 289, 290, 294, 296, 326.
20	644.
22	94, 233.
23	148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154.
24	417, 418.
25	407, 411.
26	352.
27	332, 553.
29	84, 92.
30	162.
32	404.
33	54, 56, 57.
34	174, 175, 636.
36	58, 59.
37	425.
39	478.
41	629.
42	355, 356, 357.
43	347.
44	182.
45	247.
46	348.
47	13, 27.
48	554.
49	476.
50	443.
51	414.
57	28.
61	363.
63	539, 565, 573.
65	134, 135, 136, 138, 562.
66	52.
67	8, 11.
68	53, 143.
71	697, 698
72	272, 273.
73	364, 371.
74	43.
76	183.
78	180, 181.
84	552, 555, 558, 563, 580.
85	259.
86	19, 63, 64, 413.
89	83, 95, 120, 246, 267, 511.
90	67, 469, 480, 481
91	147
92	540
93	68, 96.
94	466.
95	566, 567, 574, 575.
96	9, 197, 274.
97	114.
98	21, 202, 266.
99	124.
100	570, 571, 572.
102	69.
103	106, 109, 110, 112.
104	39, 40, 41, 42.
106	111.
107	15, 486, 638, 700, 701.
111	78.
112	434, 468.
113	98.
115	172.
117	29, 30.

Psalm.	Hymn.
118	541, 542, 692.
119	288, 295, 297, 299, 322, 327, 330, 351, 419.
121	144, 145, 146.
122	550.
125	176.
126	161, 493.
127	155.
130	118.
131	437.
132	620.
133	387, 388.
134	551.
136	5, 7, 60, 61, 62.
137	702.
138	119, 488.
139	72, 73, 74, 75, 79, 339.
145	80, 88, 105, 115.
146	107.
147	654.
148	6, 10, 12, 16, 17.
149	641.
150	20.

TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

BOOK I.

GOD.

SECTION I.

Hymn.
GENERAL PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING....1 to 31

SECTION II.

ATTRIBUTES AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD CELEBRATED.

The Being and Perfections of God as manifested in his Works 32 to 43
God the Creator.....44 to 48
Various Perfections of God celebrated.....49 to 62
Particular Attributes:
The Unity of God.....63 to 65
The Eternity and Unchangeableness of God.....66 to 71
The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.....72 to 75
The Wisdom of God.....76 to 79
The Greatness, Power, and Majesty of God.....80 to 92
The Sovereign Dominion of God.....93 to 100
The Goodness, Mercy, and Grace of God.....101 to 119
The Faithfulness of God.....120 to 122
The Holiness of God.....123, 124
God invisible and incomprehensible.....125 to 131
God exalted above all Praise.....132
The Divine Attributes Grounds of Confidence.....133

SECTION III.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Over inanimate Things.....134 to 138
Over Men and other Animals.....139 to 147

Hymn.
God our Shepherd.....148 to 154
Man's Dependence, and the Blessing of God needed....155 to 157
Providence mysterious.....158 to 160
Providence merciful in Trials and Afflictions.....161 to 172
God's special Care of the Righteous .....173 to 176
God's Providence extending to the Spiritual World.....177, 178
The Ministry of Angels.....179
Ancient Providences celebrated.....180 to 186

BOOK II.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

SECTION I.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY AND LIFE OF CHRIST CELEBRATED.

Times of Messiah foreshown.....187 to 193
Advent.....194 to 202
The Nativity .....203 to 210
Epiphany, or Manifestation to the Gentiles.....211 to 218
Presentation in the Temple.....219
Baptism of Jesus.....220
Ministry, Miracles, &c., of Jesus.....221 to 225
The Cross, Death, Passion of Christ.....226 to 236
Easter, or the Resurrection of Christ.....237 to 241
The Ascension of Christ.....242
The Scenes of Christ's Life, Death, Resurrection, witnessed by Angels.....243

SECTION II.

CHRISTIANITY.

The Messiah.....244
Christ's Commission .....245 to 247
Christ the Guide and Shepherd.....248
Christ the Image of God.....249
Christ the Sun of Righteousness.....250 to 252
Christ's Invitations .....253 to 255

Hymn.
Grace and Salvation in Christ....256 to 260
The Example of Christ....261 to 265
The Gospel....266, 267
The Law and Gospel compared....268 to 270
Christianity creating a Paradise on Earth....271
The Prospects of the Gospel, its Diffusion, and final Triumph....272 to 280

BOOK III.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SECTION I.

WHITSUNDAY, OR THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT....281 to 284

SECTION II.

THE SCRIPTURES, THE INSPIRED WORD.

Prophecy and Inspiration....285
The Excellence of Scripture....286 to 293
Nature and Scripture compared....294 to 296
Instruction from Scripture....297
Searching the Scriptures....298
Delight in the Scriptures....299

SECTION III.

DIVINE INFLUENCES AND AIDS DESCRIBED, SOUGHT, AND CELEBRATED.

Man's Dependence on Divine Aid....300, 301
God the Source of Strength and Salvation....302 to 304
Divine Influences compared to Rain....305
" " " to a Fountain....306, 307
" " " to the Wind....308
" " " to the Light....309
" " causing Growth....310
The Influences of the Spirit sought, to enlighten, purify, and guide the Mind....311 to 330

SECTION IV.

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

Hymn.

Devout Affections and Aspirations.....331 to 375
Particular Christian Principles and Sentiments.
Faith.....376 to 381
Love to God, and Christ, and Man.....382 to 389
Fear of God.....390, 391
Trust and Submission.....392 to 401
Penitential.....402 to 414
The Christian Life and Righteousness in general.....415 to 432
Particular Christian Virtues and Graces:
Justice and Equity.....433
Liberality.....434
Sincerity.....435
Humility.....436, 437
Meekness.....438
Purity of Heart.....439
Patience and Fortitude.....440, 441
Christian Ambition.....442
Obedience and Holiness.....443, 444
Moderation.....445, 446
Watchfulness.....447 to 451
Christian Resolution.....452
" Example.....453
Compassion and Forgiveness.....454
Christian Independence.....455
Prudence.....456
Courage.....457
The Rewards of Virtue, the Joy, Peace of Mind, good Conscience, with which the Holy Spirit blesses the Righteous...458 to 468

BOOK IV.

LIFE, DEATH, FUTURITY.

SECTION I.

LIFE.

Life short, uncertain, vain.....469 to 483
Life compared to a Pilgrimage.....484 to 488
Life a State of Discipline and Preparation for a better State 489 to 495

SECTION II.

DEATH.

Hymn.
Reflections on Death....496 to 501
Sentiments in the Prospect of Death....502 to 509

SECTION III.

FUTURITY.

The Resurrection....510 to 513
The Judgment....514 to 520
Heaven....521 to 534

BOOK V.

TIMES AND SEASONS, AND OCCASIONS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

SECTION I.

PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

Hymns for the Introduction of Public Worship:
The Sabbath....535 to 548
The Church, the House of God....549 to 561
Public Worship, and Sentiments of Praise and Homage....562 to 585
Hymns for the Close of Public Worship....586 to 596
Baptismal Hymns....597, 598
Communion Hymns:
Institution of the Lord's Supper....599 to 601
The Bread and Wine Symbols....602 to 604
Dispositions and Meditations suitable to the Occasion....605 to 612
After Communion....613
Fast Hymns....614 to 616
Thanksgiving Hymns....617, 618
On leaving an old Church....619
Dedication Hymns....620 to 622
Ordination Hymns....623 to 626

Hymn.
Hymns for charitable Occasions .....627 to 630
Missionary Hymn 631
For Sunday Schools .....632 to 637
National Events and Circumstances.....638 to 648
New Year .....649 to 652
Close of the Year.....653
Different Seasons of the Year.....654 to 656
Funeral Hymns:
General Elegies.....657 to 662
On the Death of the Young.....663 to 665
On the Death of Christian Friends.....666, 667
Death of Ministers .....668 to 670

SECTION II.

PRIVATE OCCASIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

Morning and Evening Hymns.....671 to 689
Domestic.....690
In Time of Sickness, or after Recovery.....691, 692
For Children.....693 to 696
Old Age.....697, 698
The Traveller's Hymn.....699
The Mariner's Hymns 700, 701
The Exile's Hymn.....702

DOXOLOGIES.

BOOK I.

GOD.

SECTION I.

(p. 3.)

GENERAL PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

SECTION II.

(p. 29.)

ATTRIBUTES AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD CELEBRATED.

SECTION III.

(p. 109.)

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

SECTION I.

GENERAL PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

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1 C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

2 C. M. Old Episc. Collection.

The Song of St. Ambrose, called Te Deum.

1 WE praise thee, God; thee we confess
The only Lord to be;
And, as eternal Father, all
The earth doth worship thee.

2 To thee all angels cry, the heavens,
And all the powers on high:
To thee cherub and seraphim
Continually do cry, —

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Of Sabaoth the God!
Through heaven and earth thy praise is spread,
And glory all abroad.

4 The apostles' glorious company
Yield praises unto thee:
The prophets' goodly fellowship
Praise thee continually.

5 The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs sound thy praise:
The holy church, throughout the world,
Thee doth confess always.

6 Father of endless majesty
They do acknowledge thee;
Thy Christ thine honorable, true,
And only Son to be.

3 C. P. M. Ogilvie.

Universal Praise.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo, heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo, on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings;
The astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring;
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

4 L. M. ROSCOE.

Song of Adoration.

1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.

4 O, may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

5 H. M. TATE & BRADY.

Ps. 136.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God, &c.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought:
For God, &c.

4 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land,
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God, &c.

5 Through heaven he did display
His numerous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night:
For God, &c.

6 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

6 H. M. TATE & BRADY.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise:

Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

7 7s M. MILTON.

Praise to God. Ps. 136.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his mercies, &c.

3 Who, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies, &c.

4 Caused the golden-tressed sun
All day long his course to run;
For his mercies, &c.

5 And the moon to shine by night,
'Mongst her spangled sisters bright;
For his mercies, &c.

6 His own people he did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies, &c.

7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Viewed us in our misery;
For his mercies, &c.

8 All his creatures he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies, &c.

9 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies, &c.

8 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 67.

1 O GOD, with goodness all thy own,
In mercy cause thy face to shine;
So shall thy ways on earth be known,
Thy saving health and power divine:
O, let the gladdening nations sing,
And praise thy name with hallowed mirth,
For thou of righteousness art King,
And rulest all the subject earth.

2 O, let the people praise the Lord;
The people all thy praise express;
And earth her plenty shall afford,
And God, yea, our own God, shall bless:
Our God his blessing shall bestow;
His power, his goodness shall appear;
And all the ends of earth shall know
And worship him with holy fear.

9 C. M. Wm. Barton.

Praise. Ps. 96.

1 SING ye with praise unto the Lord
New songs of joy and mirth;
Sing to the Lord with one accord,
All people of the earth.

2 Yea, sing unto the Lord, I say,
And magnify his name;
From day to day his praise display,
His saving health proclaim.

3 Before him honor stands in sight,
With majesty and grace;
Adored might and beauty bright
Are in his holy place.

4 Ye people, give unto the Lord,
Let every stock and tribe
Unto the Lord, with joint accord,
Glory and strength ascribe.

5 Give glory to the Lord the King,
Due to his name on high;
Devoutly bring an offering,
And to his courts draw nigh.

6 Yea, let the field and every thing
Therein lift up their voice;
The trees shall sing, the woods shall ring,
And mutually rejoice

7 Before the Lord; for, lo, he comes
The earth to judge and try;
To us he comes, with righteous dooms
Of truth and equity.

10 H. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Creatures. Ps. 148.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last:
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

5 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above:
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:

While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

11 S. M. Tate & Brady.

Universal Praise. Ps. 67.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine; —

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O, let them shout and sing,
Dissolved in pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

12 S. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

1 LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God:
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

7 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

13 C. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise. Ps. 47.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 While angels shout, and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

14 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth forevermore.

15 C. M. New Eng. Version.

Ps. 107.

1 YOUR thanks unto the Lord express,
Because that good is he;
Because his loving-kindnesses
Last to eternity.

2 So say the Lord's redeemed, whom bought
He hath from enemies' hands;
And from the east and west hath brought,
From south and northern lands.

3 Then did they to Jehovah cry,
When they were in distress,
Who did them set at liberty
Out of their anguishes.

4 O that men praise Jehovah would,
For his great goodness then,
And for his wonders manifold
Unto the sons of men!

18 L. M. WATTS.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years, —

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrowed light
Are softer rivals of the noon, —

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone, —

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7 O God of glory, God of love!
Thou art the sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

19 C. M. WATTS.

A General Song of Praise. Ps. 86.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord!
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thy heavenly ways;
And my poor, scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

20 C. M. WATTS.

A Song of Praise. Ps. 150.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

16 L. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

1 THE Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

5 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

17 C. M. WATTS.

Universal Hallelujah. Ps. 148.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above;
Sing, for he formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.

4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

7 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bade you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

8 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

21 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 98.

1 SING to Jehovah a new song,
For deeds of wonder he hath done;
His arm in holiness is strong;
His hand the victory hath won:
The Lord salvation hath made known;
His goodness o'er the world extends;
His truth to Israel's house is shown;
His power to earth's remotest ends.

2 Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,
Break forth in joy, exult, and sing;
Let voice, let clarion speak your mirth,
Trumpet and harp proclaim your King:
Roar, ocean, to thy lowest deep;
Shout, earth, and all therein that dwell;
Floods, clap your hands as on you sweep;
Mountains, the choral anthem swell.

3 Let heaven, and earth, and sea, combine,
Jehovah's holy name to bless;
Creation owns his power divine,
The universe his righteousness;
He comes in judgment to display
Resistless right, and boundless grace;
The world with equity to sway,
And blessings shed o'er all our race.

22 S. M. Watts.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

23 C. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs

4 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature, roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

5 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

24 S. M. WATTS.

Sincere Praise.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

4 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

25 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Perpetual Praise.

1 GOD of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

26 L. M. DYER.

Hymn to the Deity.

1 GREATEST of beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And, blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

27 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 47.

1 O, ALL ye people, clap your hands,
Shout unto God with holy mirth;
In fearful majesty he stands;
He is the Monarch of the earth:
Before us nations he subdues,
And prostrates kingdoms at our feet;
For us a portion he shall choose
In favored Jacob's chosen seat.

2 God, with a shout, to heaven ascends;
Sing praises to our God and King:
Hark! the loud tempest ether rends;
Sing praises, praises, praises sing.
His power Creation's orb sustains;
Sing hymns of praise to him alone:
Jehovah o'er the nations reigns;
He sits upon his holy throne.

3 See gathering princes, men of might,
In crowds from earth's remotest shore,
With us in worship all unite,
And Abraham's God with us adore:
The shields of earth are all his own,
And, far o'er human ken sublime,
Eternal pillars prop his throne,
Beyond the bounds of space and time.

28 L. M. WATTS.

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth. Ps. 57.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise, —
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

29 L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Nations. Ps. 117.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

30 S. M. WATTS.

Ps. 117.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

31 8s & 7s M. FAWCETT.

Universal Praise.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

SECTION II.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD CELEBRATED.

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32 C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAG.

The God of Nature invoked.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good;
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

33 L. M. LIVERPOOL COL.

God known by his Works.

1 GREAT is our God; his works of might
To praise his glorious name unite;
Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand,
And wait, obedient, his command.

2 His hand, unseen, sustains the poles,
On which the vast creation rolls;
The starry skies proclaim his power;
His pencil glows in every flower.

3 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

4 O, may the sons of men record
The various goodness of the Lord;
How vast his works, how kind his ways,
And every tongue pronounce his praise!

34 C. M. KEBLE.

"*The invisible things of Him, clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.*"

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace;
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

7 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where.

35 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Voice of Nature.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide, diffusive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet winding gently flows.

4 The flowery tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

5 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him, and adore.

36 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Voice of Nature. Ps. 19.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, for his nuptials dressed,
Has such a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

37 L. M. ADDISON.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God. Ps. 19.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found; —
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

38 C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 19.

1 TURN to the stars of heaven thine eyes,
And God shall meet thee there;
Exalt thy vision to the skies,
His glory they declare;
Day speaks to day, night teaches night,
The wonders of their frame,
And all in harmony unite
Their Maker to proclaim.

2 Earth has no language, man no speech,
But gives their voice a tongue;
Their words the world's foundations reach;
Their hymn in heaven is sung;
Pavilioned there in glory bright,
As from a blooming bride,
The sun comes forth in floods of light,
With all a bridegroom's pride.

3 Glad, like a giant for the race,
His orient flame ascends,
Soars through the boundless realms of space,
And in the west descends;

His heat the vital lamp bestows,
The firmament pervades,
In ocean's darkest caverns glows,
And earth's profoundest shades.

39 L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence. Ps. 104.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When, clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot when he flies,
On winged storms, across the skies.

3 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

4 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet, thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

40 L. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 104.

1 GOD from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice:
Our hearts are cheered with generous wine;
With inward joy our faces shine.

3 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

4 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

5 Then man to daily labor goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

6 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

41 L. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 104.

1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

2 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

3 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

4 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honored with his own delight;
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

5 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

42 L. M. J. Q. Adams

Ps. 104.

1 O LORD my God! how great art thou!
With honor and with glory crowned;
Light's dazzling splendors veil thy brow,
And gird the universe around.

2 Spirits and angels thou hast made;
Thy ministers a flaming fire;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
At thy rebuke the floods retire.

3 Thine are the fountains of the deep;
By thee their waters swell or fail;
Up to the mountain's summit creep,
Or shrink beneath the lowly vale.

4 Thy fingers mark their utmost bound;
That bound the waters may not pass;
Their moisture swells the teeming ground,
And paints the valleys o'er with grass.

5 The waving harvest, Lord, is thine;
The vineyard, and the olive's juice;
Corn, wine, and oil, by thee combine,
Life, gladness, beauty, to produce.

6 The moon for seasons thou hast made,
The sun for change of day and night;
Of darkness thine the deepest shade,
And thine the day's meridian light.

7 O Lord, thy works are all divine;
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
Earth's teeming multitudes are thine;
Thine — peopled ocean's great and small.

8 All these on thee for life depend;
Thy spirit speaks, and they are born;
They gather what thy bounties send;
Thy hand of plenty fills the horn.

9 Thy face is hidden, — they turn pale,
With terror quake, with anguish burn;
Their breath thou givest to the gale;
They die, and to their dust return.

10 And thou, my soul, with pure delight,
Thy voice to bless thy Maker raise;
His praise let morning sing to night,
And night to morn repeat his praise.

43 P. M. Miss H. M. Williams.

"*The Day is thine, the Night also is thine.*" Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17.

1 MY God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day;
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,

And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread,
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wandering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from thy favor rise!

44 C. M. GROVE.

God the Creator.

1 O LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works,
In characters of gold!

2 On heaven's immeasurable face,
In lines immensely great —
In small, on every leaf and flower —
Creator God is writ.

3 Though reason be not given to all,
Nor voice to thee, O sun,
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

4 From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echoed round;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound.

5 O, let us all give praise to God,
And magnify his name;
The wonders of his power and love
Let the whole world proclaim!

45 C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Creation.

1 LET heaven arise, let earth appear,
Said the Almighty Lord;
The heaven arose, the earth appeared,
At his creating word.

2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep;
God said, "Let there be light;"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scattered ancient night.

3 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new-formed globe he crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then, high in heaven's resplendent arch
He placed two orbs of light;
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep the Almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air of every wing,
And fish of every name.

8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprung from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made;
His Maker's image blessed his soul,
And glory crowned his head.

10 Fair in the Almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood;
He viewed the fabric he had raised;
His word pronounced it good.

46 C. M. WATTS.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

7 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

47 L. M. WATTS.

The Creator and Creatures.

1 FROM thy Great Self thy being springs;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

48 L. M. WATTS.

Creation, Dissolution, and Restoration of the World.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that reared this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And pushed them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high, imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gathered in;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes;
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

49 L. M. WATTS.

The Perfections of God.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy power hath formed, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

50 C. M. WATTS.

The Divine Perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise the eternal God,
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 The great Invisible! he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

51 S. M. WATTS.

God's Power and Goodness.

1 O, THE Almighty Lord,
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.

2 Let proud, imperious kings
Bow low before his throne;
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

4 Salvation to the King
That sits enthroned above!
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

52 C. M. WATTS.

God's Power and Goodness. Ps. 66.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 O, bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

4 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

5 Through watery deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promised place
By thine unerring hand.

53 L. M. WATTS.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God. Ps. 68.

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

4 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

5 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

54 C. M. Tate & Brady.

Ps. 33.

1 LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise;—

2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

3 By his almighty word, at first,
Heaven's glorious arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

4 The swelling floods, together rolled,
He makes in heaps to lie,
And lays, as in a storehouse safe,
The watery treasure by.

5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fixed at his command.

6 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand forever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

55 8, 8, 6 M. { Sewall's Col. / From the German.

The Power and Goodness of God.

1 O, COME and sing your Maker's name;
With cheerful thanks his praise proclaim,
For ye are all his own;—
All, from the angel to the worm:
The vernal breeze, the raging storm,
Confess him Lord alone.

2 He gives the world yon orb of light;
He bids the moon shine mildly bright;
He wields the balanced earth;
He makes the seasons duly yield;
His dews refresh the grassy field,
And give its treasures birth.

3 'Tis God who swells the tender seeds,
And man with strengthening bread provides,
And heart-rejoicing wine;
He holds the lightning in his hand;
The host of heaven, the sea, the land,
Confess his power divine.

4 His rainbow still proclaims on high
That mercy, to repentance nigh,
Which never shall abate;
The morning on the midnight calls,
The day exclaims, till evening falls,
That God is good and great;—

5 Great, when the thunder rolls along;
Great in the streams of ocean strong,
The light, the fountains sweet;
Great God, if thus thy praises be,
Make this devoted heart for thee
A sanctuary meet.

56 C. M. WATTS.

Works of Creation and Providence. Ps. 33.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread,
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

57 L. M. 6 L. WATTS.

Works of Creation and Providence. Ps. 33.

1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true.

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas;
Those watery treasures know their place
In the vast storehouse of the deep;
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

58 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. 36.

1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the sparkling skies extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

59 L. M. WATTS.

The Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. 36.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

60 **H. M.** WATTS.

God's Wonders of Creation and Providence. Ps. 136.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored:
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King,
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

61 L. M. WATTS.

God's Wonders of Creation and Providence. Ps. 136.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

62 7s M. MERRICK.

The Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. 136.

1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heavenly King;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of gods is God supreme;
He, to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee, and veil their pride; —

3 Who asserts his just command,
By the wonders of his hand;
He, whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky; —

4 He, who bade the watery deep
Under earth's foundations sleep,
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Through the boundless ether roll; —

5 Thee, O sun, whose powerful ray
Rules the empire of the day;
You, O moon and stars, whose light
Breaks the horrors of the night.

6 He with food sustains, O earth,
All that claim from thee their birth;
For his blessings wide extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

63 L. M. BROWNE.

Praise to the only true God. Ps. 86.

1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.

3 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

64 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The only true and adorable God. Ps. 86.

1 AMONG the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

2 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
The nations shall adore,
Their long misguided prayers and praise
To thy blest name restore.

3 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, thee God supreme;
Confess thee God alone.

65 6s M. DRUMMOND.

Unity of God.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know.

3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind;
Then only he may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blest Messenger of grace!
The Eternal is but one;
No second holds his place.

66 L. M. WALKER'S COL.

God eternal and unchangeable.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being, Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
I AM is thy memorial still.

67 C. M. BURNS.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty. Ps. 90.

1 O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place.

2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command, —

3 That power, which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

5 Thou giv'st the word; thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought."

6 Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off,
With overwhelming sweep.

7 They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But, long ere night, cut down, it lies
All withered and decayed.

68 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

God's Eternity and Sovereignty. Ps. 93.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

69 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

God eternal and unchangeable. Ps. 102.

1 EARTH'S old foundations thou hast laid;
The heavens — a glorious frame! —
By thy almighty hand were spread,
And speak their Maker's name.

2 Their shining wonders all shall fade,
By thy controlling power,
Changed like a vesture quite decayed;
But thou shalt still endure.

3 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

4 Thy servants' children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest times thy favor share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

70 C. M. Watts.

God's eternal Dominion.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

71 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God immutable.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

4 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;—

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

72 C. M. WATTS.

God is every where. Ps. 139.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

4 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To escape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

5 If, winged with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

6 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

7 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O, may I ne'er provoke that Power,
From which I cannot flee!

73 L. M. WATTS.

The all-seeing God. Ps. 139.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

4 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

74 L. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 139.

1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

3 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

4 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

75 C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 139.

1 O LORD, thy all-discerning eyes
My inmost purpose see;
My deeds, my words, my thoughts arise
Alike disclosed to thee:
My sitting down, my rising up,
Broad noon, and deepest night,
My path, my pillow, and my cup,
Are open to thy sight.

2 Before, behind, I meet thine eye,
And feel thy heavy hand;
Such knowledge is for me too high,
To reach or understand:

What of thy wonders can I know?
What of thy purpose see?
Where from thy spirit shall I go?
Where from thy presence flee?

3 If I ascend to heaven on high,
Or make my bed in hell;
Or take the morning's wings, and fly
O'er ocean's bounds to dwell;
Or seek, from thee, a hiding-place
Amid the gloom of night, —
Alike to thee are time and space,
The darkness and the light.

76 S. M. WATTS.

Wisdom. Prov. viii.

1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3 "Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorned the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

5 "When he poured out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.

6 "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."

77 C. M. WATTS.

Creating Wisdom.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loud name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold!

3 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

4 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast,
While the red lightnings wave along—
The banners of thine host.

5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

7 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

78 C. M. WATTS.

The Wisdom of God in his Works. Ps. 111.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

79 C. M. Watts.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man. Ps. 139.

1 WHEN I, with pleasing wonder, stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessed,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye, with nicest care, surveyed
The growth of every part,
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copied by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine;
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

80 L. M. Watts.

The Greatness of God. Ps. 145.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
O, let our land aloud proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

81 L. M. WATTS.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and, lo,
Creation rose at his command!
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There Nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

82 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Majesty of God.

1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day,
Low in your native dust bow down,
Before the Eternal's awful throne.

2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;
And search, what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring,
To blaze before the sovereign King,
And all the beasts, that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.

5 Joined with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

6 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

83 C. M. WATTS

The Power and Majesty of God. Ps. 89.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee,
Or truth, compared to thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace,
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

84 C. M. { Prince's N. E. Vers. of Psalms.

The Majesty of God. Ps. 29.

1 O YE, the sons of mighty ones,
Give to the Lord on high,
All glory to Jehovah give,
And boundless potency.

2 The voice is full of power, which sounds
Forth from the Lord on high;
Jehovah's mighty voice is full
Of glorious majesty.

3 See how Jehovah's voice at once
The shivering cedars tears!
See how the Lord the cedars breaks
Which Lebanon high rears!

4 Jehovah's voice strikes flames of fire,
And scatters them around;
Jehovah's voice the desert makes
To tremble with the sound.

5 With glares of lightning through the dark
He makes the forests bare;
But his full glory he within
His temple doth declare.

6 The Lord sits on the flood as King;
The Lord's reign ne'er shall cease;
The Lord will give his people strength;
The Lord will bless with peace.

85 H. M. WATTS.

God's Majesty and Sovereignty.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
"My Father and my Friend"?
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join, all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

86 C. M. Tate & Brady.

The Majesty and Condescension of God. Ps. 8.

1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;—

3 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train,
Ordained, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

5 They jointly own his powerful sway—
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.

6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

87 C. M. STERNHOLD.

The Majesty of God. Ps. 18.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 And like a den most dark he made
His hid and secret place;
With waters black and airy clouds
Environed he was.

4 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he as sovereign Lord and King
Forevermore shall reign.

88 C. M. WATTS.

The Greatness of God. Ps. 145.

1 GREAT is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

2 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

3 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

4 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known,
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

5 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

89 C. M. H. K. White.

God's Power over his Works.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night; your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

90 C. M. WATTS.

God glorious.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

91 L. M. WATTS.

The God of Thunder.

1 O THE immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

2 He speaks, and, lo, all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

3 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.

4 Celestial King! thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

92 L. M. WATTS.

Storm and Thunder. Ps. 29.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forests bare around;
The fearful hart and frighted hind
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo, the stately cedars break,
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns forever King,
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

93 S. M. WATTS

God's Sovereignty and Man's Dominion over the Creatures. Ps. 8.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies, —

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms, —
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds, that cut the air with wings,
And fish, that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

94 C. M. Tate & Brady.

God the universal Sovereign. Ps. 22.

1 NOW let the glad, converted world
To God their homage pay,
And scattered nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

2 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

3 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their generous Patron bless.

4 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort:
That Power which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.

5 Then shall a chosen, spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

95 L. M. Tate & Brady.

The Sovereignty of God. Ps. 89.

1 WHAT seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who, among the gods of earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?

2 With reverence and religious dread,
  His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
  Who his almighty name confess.

3 Lord God of armies, who can boast
  Of strength or power like thine renowned?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
  As that which does thy throne surround?

4 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
  And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
  Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

5 In thee the sovereign right remains
  Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone
The world, and all that it contains,
  Their Maker and Preserver own.

96 P. M. WATTS.

The eternal and sovereign God. Ps. 93.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
  His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
  And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
  And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky;
  Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage, —
Let swelling tides assault the sky, —
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

97 C. M. WATTS.

God's universal Dominion.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 The almighty voice bid ancient Night
Her endless realms resign;
And, lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

4 Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast, moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to his name.

98 L. M. WATTS.

God sovereign and gracious. Ps. 113.

1 YE servants of the Almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do,
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor,
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

99 C. M. WATTS.

God's Kingdom supreme.

1 HIGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme;
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, — that awful name, —
But ye must die like men.

4 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an Avenger there.

100 L. M. 6 L. DODDRIDGE.

God's Government, Zion's Joy. Is. lii. 7.

1 YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal honors of his name;
Jehovah reigns, — be all your song:
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns;
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.

2 Ye princes, boast no more your crowns,
But lay the glittering trifles down
In lowly honor at his feet;

A span your narrow empire bounds;
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.

3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Formed, like your slaves, of brittle clay;
Down to the dust your sceptres bend:
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminished pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time, shall end.

4 So shall his favored Zion live:
In vain confederate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy;
Her Sovereign sits enthroned above,
And endless power and endless love
Insure her safety and her joy.

101 C. M. BROWNE.

Universal Goodness of God.

1 LORD, thou art good; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good-will:
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens, which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part;
O, may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!

102 S. M. Mrs. Steele.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

4 O, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

103 C. M. THOMSON.

Goodness of God.

1 JEHOVAH God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend!

104 L. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAG.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call,
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bid'st the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed,
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy opening bounty shines confessed!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Indulgent God, from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see; we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

105 C. M. WATTS.

The Goodness of God. Ps. 145.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

106 L. M. WATTS.

Blessing God for his Goodness. Ps. 103.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

4 Our youth decayed his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

5 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last, great, rewarding day.

6 Let the whole earth his power confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

107 L. M. 6 L. WATTS.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth. Ps. 146.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

108 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine Bounty inspiring Gratitude.

1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace —
How much bestowed, how much reserved
For them that seek thy face.

2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3 Thine eyes shall read those grateful thoughts
No language can express;
Yet when our liveliest thanks we pay,
Our debts do most increase.

4 Since time's too short, all-gracious God,
To utter half thy praise,
Loud to the honor of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

109 S. M. WATTS.

Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies. Ps. 103.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress.

5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

110 S. M. WATTS.

Abounding Compassion of God. Ps. 103.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

111 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

God's Mercy to the Righteous. Ps. 106.

1 O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express? —
Not only vast, but numberless;
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

112 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 103.

1 MY soul, before thy Maker kneel;
His name let all within me bless;
'Tis he the wounded heart shall heal;
'Tis he shall comfort in distress:
My soul, his name forget not thou,
Who e'en in tender mercy frowns,
Forgives thy oft-forgotten vow,
And still thy lips with blessing crowns.

2 The Lord of mercy and of grace,
To kindness swift, to anger slow,
Not always wears a chiding face,
Not always bends the avenging bow:
Above the earth as heaven is high,
Above our crimes his mercies rise;
We sin — but pardon still is nigh;
Fools — he rewards us as the wise.

3 Far distant as the adverse poles,
Our sins he scatters to the wild,
Pities the frailties of our souls —
A father's pity for his child:
He knows our frame; — our days are grass;
The fading floweret's bloom is o'er;
Let but a breeze of morning pass,
The place shall never know it more.

4 But far beyond the bounds of time
The mercies of the Lord are sure;
Throughout eternity sublime
His truth and justice shall endure:

His grace of those who keep his law
Shall on the children's children fall;
His throne high heaven beholds with awe;
His kingdom ruleth over all.

113 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Grace.

1 HOW rich thy favors, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

114 L. M. WATTS.

Grace and Glory. Ps. 97.

1 THE Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

115 C. M. WATTS.

Mercy to Sufferers. Ps. 145.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

116 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine Goodness in Afflictions.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

117 L. M. WATTS.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

1 THY favors, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God, what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

118 C. M. WATTS.

Pardoning Grace. Ps. 130.

1 GREAT God, should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

2 I wait for thy salvation, Lord;
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

3 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes, —

4 So waits my soul to see thy grace;
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

5 Then in the Lord let Israel trust;
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

119 L. M. WATTS.

Restoring and preserving Grace. Ps. 138.

1 I'LL sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great,
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

120 C. M. WATTS.

Faithfulness of God. Ps. 89.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure,
And if he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above,
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

121 C. M. WATTS.

The Faithfulness of God.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing —
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as on eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

122 H. M. DODDRIDGE

God's Fidelity to his Promises.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke:

They stand secure,
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortals' years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

123 C. M. WATTS.

God holy, just, and sovereign.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt the unequal war?

3 Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

4 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
The obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

5 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

124 S. M. WATTS.

A holy God. Ps. 99.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

125 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Him who is invisible.

1 ETERNAL and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.

4 O, ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge —
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

126 L. M. WATTS.

God invisible.

1 INFINITE leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

2 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

3 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies;
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

127 L. M. WATTS.

God incomprehensible.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a King of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?

4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

5 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

128 L. M. KIPPIS

To the unknown God.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

129 L. M. WATTS.

Searching after God.

1 MY God, I love and I adore;
But souls that love would know thee more:
Wilt thou forever hide, and stand
Behind the labors of thy hand?

2 Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls;
The starry arch proclaims thy power;
Thy pencil glows in every flower.

3 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

4 Fain would I trace the immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confessed,
In his own fairest glories dressed.

130 C. M. WATTS.

The divine Glories above our Reason.

1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our groveling reason lies!

3 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.

4 In humble notes our faith adores
The great, mysterious King;
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep the immortal string.

131 C. M. WATTS.

Worshipping with Fear.

1 CELESTIAL King, our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

2 In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glories shine!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting mind.

3 Angels are lost in sweet surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

4 Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou the Eternal All.

132 L. M. WATTS.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But, O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

4 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

133 C. M. JERVIS.

The Attributes of God our Confidence.

1 GREAT God, thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm,
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3 O, may thy gracious presence, Lord,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

SECTION III.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

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134 L. M. WATTS.

Divine Providence. Ps. 65.

1 AT God's command, the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

4 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.

5 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

135 C. M. WATTS.

The Providence of God. Ps. 65.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year

136 C. M. WATTS.

The Blessings of the Spring. Ps. 65.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.

4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reapers' hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

137 6s & 8s M. J. Taylor.

Providence acknowledged in the Seasons.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 His wintry north winds blow;
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 He leads the circling year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn:
O happy mortals, raise your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days;
O, bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

138 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 65.

1 FOR thee in Zion waiteth praise,
O God, O thou that hearest prayer;
To thee the suppliant voice we raise;
To thee shall all mankind repair.

On thee the ends of earth rely ;
In thee the distant seas confide ;
By thee the mountains brave the sky,
And girded by thy strength abide.

2 Thou speakest to the tempest peace ;
The roaring wave obeys thy nod ;
The tumults of the people cease ;
Earth trembles at the voice of God :
The morning's dawn, the evening's shades,
Alike thy power with gladness see ;
The fields from thee the rains receive,
And swell with fruitfulness by thee.

3 Thy river, gracious God, o'erflows ;
Its streams for human wants provide ;
At thy command the harvest grows,
By thy refreshing showers supplied :
Thy bounty clothes the plains with grass ;
Thy path drops fatness as it goes ;
And wheresoe'er thy footsteps pass,
The desert blossoms like the rose.

4 Thy goodness crowns the circling year ;
The wilderness repeats thy voice ;
The mountains clad with flocks appear ;
The hills on every side rejoice ;
And harvests from the valleys spring ;
The reaper's sickle they employ ;
And, hark ! how hill and valley ring
With universal shouts of joy !

139 L. M. LIVERPOOL C.M.

Divine Providence.

1 THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft, refreshing shower.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men —
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, of sea and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.

4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all.

5 To thee, in ceaseless strains, my tongue
Shall raise the morn and evening song,
And, long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

140 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Bounties of Providence.

1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which through the hills, and through the meads,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoyed in all.

141 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God supplying human Wants.

1 PARENT of universal good,
We own thy bounteous hand,
Which does so rich a table spread
E'en in this desert land.

2 Struck by thy power, the flinty rocks
In gushing torrents flow;
The feathered wanderers of the air
Thy guiding instinct know.

3 The pregnant clouds, at thy command,
Rain down delicious bread;
And by light drops of pearly dew
Are numerous armies fed.

4 Supported thus, thine Israel marched
The promised land to gain;
And shall thy children now begin
To seek their God in vain?

5 Are all thy stores exhausted now?
Or does thy mercy fail? —
That faith should languish in our breasts,
And anxious cares prevail?

142 L. M. WATTS.

"All Things yours."

1 HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 The springing corn, the stately wood,
Grow to provide us house and food;
Fire, air, earth, water, join their force;
All nature serves us in her course.

3 The sun rolls round to make our day;
The moon directs our nightly way;
While angels bear us in their arms,
And shield us from ten thousand harms.

4 O, glorious portion of the saints!
Let faith suppress our sore complaints,
And tune our hearts and tongues to sing
Our bounteous God, our sovereign King.

143 L. M. WATTS.

Praise for temporal Blessings. Ps. 68.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

144 H. M. WATTS.

God our Preserver. Ps. 121.

1 UPWARD I lift my eyes;
From God is all my aid —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears:

Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

145 L. M. WATTS.

Divine Protection. Ps. 121.

1 UP to the hills I lift my eyes —
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel — a name divinely blest, —
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

146 C. M. WATTS.

Preservation by Day and Night. Ps. 121.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

147 C. M. WATTS.

Protection, Victory, and Deliverance. Ps. 91.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

3 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

4 "My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

5 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honor them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

148 C. M. STERNHOLD.

The divine Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
I therefore nothing need:
In pastures fair, with waters calm,
He sets me forth to feed.

2 He did convert and glad my soul,
And brought my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness
For his most holy name.

3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod, thy staff doth comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

4 And in the presence of my foes
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou shalt, O Lord, fill full my cup,
And thou anoint my head.

5 Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly showed to me,
That in thy house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

149 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 In presence of my spiteful foes,
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

6 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

150 L. M. WATTS.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps;
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

151 S. M. WATTS

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days,
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

152 L. M. 6L. ADDISON

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

153 7s M. MERRICK.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine;
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadow flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head;
Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows;
For thy love no limit knows:

5 Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

154 C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 23.

1 MY Shepherd is the Lord on high;
His hand supplies me still;
In pastures green he makes me lie,
Beside the rippling rill:
He cheers my soul, relieves my woes,
His glory to display;
The paths of righteousness he shows,
And leads me in his way.

2 Though walking through death's dismal shade,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod, thy staff shall lend me aid,
For thou art ever near:
For me a table thou dost spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint my head;
By thee my cup o'erflows.

3 Thy goodness and thy mercy sure
Shall bless me all my days;
And I, with lips sincere and pure,
Will celebrate thy praise:
Yes, in the temple of the Lord
Forever I will dwell;
To after time thy name record,
And of thy glory tell.

155 C. M. WATTS.

God all in all. Ps. 127.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue; —

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain — till God has blessed;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

156 L. M. BROWNE.

Dependence upon Providence.

1 GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.

2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.

3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
On thee we ever will depend —
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend.

4 And, should thy measures seem severe,
Calmly may we thy chastening bear;
Without complaint to thee submit,
The unerring Judge of what is fit.

157 C. M. SCOTT.

Divine Providence, and the Folly of Self-Dependence.

1 GOD reigns; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide,
But in a different channel go
To humble human pride.

2 The swift not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honor grace
The labors of the wise.

3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command;
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all thy ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power,
Intrusting to thy care, alone,
The lot of every hour.

158 C. M. COWPER.

Light shining out of Darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

159 L. M. WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

160 C. M. WATTS.

The Book of God's Decrees.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God:
Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed
He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

4 Yet I would not be much concerned,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees —
What months are writ for me.

5 When he reveals the book of life,
O, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

161 C. M. WATTS.

Melancholy removed. Ps. 126.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

162 L. M. WATTS.

Sickness healed and Sorrow removed. Ps. 30.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice, and bless
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

163 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

164 L. M. J. Fawcett.

"As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be."

1 AFFLICTED saint, to God draw near;
Thy Father's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand this trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee;
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
His presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

165 7s M. COWPER.

Welcome, Cross.

1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all, —
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

166 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Assurance of the divine Presence and Help.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear;
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God —
Our God forever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.

4 While I his gracious succor prove
'Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades, through which I pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

167 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Discipline of Providence merciful.

1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And, O, how rich the blessings are,
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.

5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine,
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

168 C. M. Addison.

God's merciful and constant Protection.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

169 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolutions formed.

1 GREAT Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And, while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So, when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

170 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Deliverance celebrated.

1 LOOK back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done;
Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eyelids dried,
And rescued from impending death,
When I in danger cried!

3 When on the bed of pain I lay,
With sickness sore oppressed,
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,
And lulled my eyes to rest!

4 Back from destruction's yawning pit
At his command I came;
He fed the expiring lamp anew,
And raised its feeble flame.

5 My broken spirit he hath cheered,
When torn with inward grief;
And, when temptations pressed me sore,
Hath brought me swift relief.

6 Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs;
Till grace shall all its work complete,
And teach me heavenly songs.

171 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Confidence in the divine Care. Ps. 18.

1 NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan,
Who graciously inclined his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

4 He left the beauteous realms of light,
Whilst heaven bowed down its awful head;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was, like a sable carpet, spread.

5 The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness flew.

6 Who, then, deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

172 L. M. WATTS.

God our Refuge. Ps. 115.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves, is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done;
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

3 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

4 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

173 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Days of the Upright known to God.

1 TO thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

174 C. M. Tate & Brady.

God the Defence of the Just. Ps. 34.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When, in distress, to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

175 L. M. Watts.

God's Care of the Saints. Ps. 34.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief;
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes;
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O, fear and love him, all his saints;
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

176 C. M. WATTS.

The Saints' Trial and Safety. Ps. 125.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

177 C. M. WATTS.

God's Control over the material and spiritual Worlds.

1 INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose to obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day; —

3 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfil; —

4 While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey,
And flesh and sense, enslaved to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

5 Great God, create my soul anew;
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

178 L. M. COWPER.

Grace and Providence.

1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more; —

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourished by thy word;
Let soul and body praise the Lord!

3 My streams of outward comfort came
From him who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my soul forever lives.

4 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor;
An angel's song can do no more.

179 L. M. WATTS.

The Ministry of Angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wandering church below:
Here we are sailing to thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy too.

3 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

180 C. M. WATTS.

Providences of God recorded. Ps. 78.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

181 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Commemoration of God's Benefits from one Generation to another. Ps. 78.

1 HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths, of old;—

3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.

4 We will not hide them from our sons;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought; —

5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs; —

6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

182 C. M. Tate & Brady.

God the Deliverer of Nations. Ps. 44.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 As thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

3 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

4 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliverance make;
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
Yet for thy mercies' sake.

183 C. M. WATTS.

Israel saved from Enemies. Ps. 76.

1 IN Judah God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed the Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still, and fears.

6 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save the oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

184 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the Dwelling-Place of his People through all Generations.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, — a feeble race, —
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace,
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive,
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

185 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Faith encouraged.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O, may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord,
He through the world most high confessed,
By whom 'twas formed, and is possessed.

3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abram, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known, —
Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name?
The same his power, his love the same.

6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

186 L. M. Sir W. Scott.

Imploring the constant Presence of God.

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And, O, when stoops upon our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

BOOK II.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

SECTION I.

(p 153.)

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY AND LIFE OF CHRIST CELEBRATED.

SECTION II.

(p. 199.)

CHRISTIANITY.

SECTION I.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY AND LIFE OF CHRIST CELEBRATED.

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187 **L. M.** DODDRIDGE.

The Holy City purified and guarded. Is. lii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

4 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
To share and echo back her joys;
Nor will her watchful Monarch cease
To guard her in eternal peace.

188 C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

The universal Triumphs of the Messiah's Kingdom. Is. ii. 2—6.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

189 C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

Living Waters. Is. lv.

1 HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain, all,
Without a price, may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live.

4 Behold, he comes; your Leader comes,
With might and honor crowned —
A Witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.

5 See! nations hasten to his call
From every distant shore;
Isles yet unknown shall bow to him,
And Israel's God adore.

190 C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

Christ foretold. Is. xlii. 1—4.

1 BEHOLD my Servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might;
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline;
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

191 L. M. WATTS.

The Messiah predicted.

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promised Son is born:
Behold the expected Child appear!
What shall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor."

3 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.

4 Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

192 C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

The Sufferings of Christ foreshown. Is. liii.

1 THE Savior comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him,
To draw the carnal eye.

2 Fair as a beauteous, tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So, slighted and despised by man,
The heavenly Savior rose.

3 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.

4 Wronged and oppressed, how meekly he
In patient silence stood!
Mute as the peaceful, harmless lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.

5 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
The rich a grave supplied;
Unspotted was his blameless life;
Unstained by sin he died.

6 He with the great shall share the spoil,
And baffle all his foes;
Though, ranked with sinners, here he fell,
A conqueror he rose.

193 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Riches of pardoning Grace. Is. xliv. 22, 23.

1 LET heaven burst forth into a song;
Let earth reflect the joyful sound;
Ye mountains, with the echo ring,
And shout, ye forests, all around.

2 The Lord his Israel hath redeemed,
Hath made his mourning people glad,
And the rich glories of his name
In their salvation hath displayed.

3 Unnumbered sins, like sable clouds,
Veiled every cheerful ray of joy,
And thunders murmured through the gloom,
While lightnings pointed to destroy.

4 He spoke, and all the clouds dispersed,
And heaven unveiled its shining face;
The whole creation smiled anew,
Decked in the golden beams of grace.

194 11s M. DRUMMOND.

Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.

1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill,
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day-

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

195 7s M. BOWRING

For Advent or Christmas.

First Voice.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.

Second Voice.

Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!

First Voice.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Second Voice.

Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!

First Voice. Watchman! / Second Voice. Traveller! } Yes, it brings, &c.

First Voice.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.

Second Voice.

Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

First Voice.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?

Second Voice.

Traveller! ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

First Voice. Watchman! / Second Voice. Traveller! } Ages are its own, &c.

First Voice.
3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Second Voice.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
First Voice.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Second Voice.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come!
First Voice.
Watchman! } Lo, the Prince of Peace, &c.
Second Voice.
Traveller! }

196 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Message.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Savior comes!
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

197 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's first and second Coming. Ps. 96.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

4 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
The nations from their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

198 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the Root of David, and the Morning Star

1 ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence didst spring
To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips salvation taste;
Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair morning star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierced by thy beauteous ray;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

199 L. M. WATTS

The Virgin Mary's Song.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God the Savior we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same spirit tune our voice

2 To those that fear and trust the Lord
His mercy stands forever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

3 He spake to Abram and his seed —
"In thee shall all the earth be blest;"
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

4 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the Desire of nations comes!
Behold, the promised Seed is born!

200 C. M. WATTS.

The Song of Zacharias.

1 NOW be the God of Israel blessed,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promised Horn arise.

3 "Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

4 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord,
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

5 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

201 7s M. BULFINCH.

The Day-Spring from on high.

1 TOILING through the livelong night,
Faint, uncertain of his way,
How the traveller hails the light,
Herald of the coming day!

2 Thus, when fraud and rapine threw
O'er the world their cloud afar,
On the good man's raptured view
Broke the dawn of Judah's star.

3 Tears of joy and gratitude
Hailed the Baptist's natal morn,
For the heavenly light renewed,
For another prophet born; —

4 Born to go before the face
Of Judea's Savior-King;
Tidings of celestial grace
To the mourning land to bring.

5 Thus began the song of praise,
For the day-spring's earliest ray;
How should we the anthem raise
For the gospel's perfect day!

202 C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Ps. 98.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

203 S. M. WATTS.

The Nativity.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears;
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

3 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
The promised Infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

4 "With looks and heart serene,
"Go visit Christ your King;" —
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing, —

5 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

6 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

7 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

204 L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christmas Hymn.

1 IT comes, the long-expected morn,
The joyful day ordained by Heaven,
When unto us a Child is born,
And unto us a Son is given.

2 The Messenger of God's design,
The conquering Hero, Prince of Peace,
The Shiloh, sprung from Judah's line,
Appears, and all our sorrows cease.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The mourning penitent to seek,
From sin to free the captive mind,
And preach good tidings to the meek.

4 The desert blooms, and from the ground
Burst mantling pools and murmuring streams;
The Sun of righteousness around
Shines on the world with healing beams.

5 While angels, in harmonious choirs,
Sing, "This is God's own Son confessed,
The Savior, whom the world desires,
The Seed, in whom all men are blessed," —

6 Like them with transport let us cry, —
"All hail the day of Jesus' birth;
Glory to God, who dwells on high,
Good-will to men, and peace on earth."

205 P. M. { MILTON, Altered by Rev. Dr. Gardiner.

Angels proclaiming the Birth of Christ.

1 NO war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat; while all around,
The gentle, fleecy brood,
Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept or sported on the verdant ground, —

3 When, lo! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
Divinely-warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.

4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wondering sight;
Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

6 "Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Savior Christ is born!"
Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime;
"Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time."

206 **P. M.** MRS. HEMANS.

Christmas Hymn.

1 O LOVELY voices of the sky,
Which hymned the Savior's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

2 O clear and shining light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head:
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith —
O clear and shining light!

3 O star which led to him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Where art thou? 'Midst the host above,
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set;
Thy rays earth may not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him!

207 C. M. PATRICK.

Nativity of Christ.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign: —

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song: —

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

208 L. M. T. Campbell.

The Nativity.

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light, –

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung: —

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "See, mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 "He comes, to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

209 C. M. ANONYMOUS

Christmas Hymn.

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

210 P. M. Episcopal Col.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 ZION! the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, &c.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Chorus. Shout, &c.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Chorus. Shout, &c.

211 C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

The Guiding Star.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

212 C. M. Christian Psalmist.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

213 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Day-Spring welcomed.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guiding devious nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

214 S. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Christ's Manifestation.

1 WE meditate the day
Of triumph and of rest,
When, shown of God and shaped in clay,
The Word was manifest.

2 The angels saw and sung;
Earth listened far and wide;
Believed and preached, — a faith, — a tongue,
The Word was glorified.

3 Lord, give it gracious sweep,
And here its errand bless,
Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,
To glad a wilderness.

4 Ray out its starry * light,
To guide our pilgrim way —
A sign of hope through this world's night,
And brighter than its day.

5 Again thy witness-voice!
Again thy spirit-dove! *
That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
And soften with its love.

6 Send round its blessed cup,*
As once in Galilee;
And catch our dull affections up
To heaven, and Christ, and thee.

215 S. M. WATTS.

Christ revealed to Jews and Gentiles.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

* One of the ancient symbols, in the church, of Christ's manifestation to the nations

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Savior King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

216 10s M. POPE, altered.

Gentiles coming into the Church.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

217 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Strangers entertained in God's House. Is. lvi. 6, 7.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim:

Our Father King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine:
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

218 7s & 6s M. MONTGOMERY.

All Nations shall call him blessed.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

219 7s M. MERRICK.

The Song of Simeon.

1 'TIS enough — the hour is come;
Now, within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!

2 Since, at length, my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high, —
Those whom Death has overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,

Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's star,
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day;

3 Sun of righteousness! to thee,
Lo, the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings:
See the beams, intensely shed,
Shine on Zion's favored head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

220 C. M. T. Fletcher.

The Baptism and Inspiration of Jesus.

1 IN Judah's rugged wilderness,
Where Jordan rolls his flood,
In manners strict, and rude in dress,
The holy Baptist stood.

2 And, while upon the river's side
The people thronged to hear,
"Repent," the sacred preacher cried;
"The heavenly kingdom's near."

3 Now Jesus to the stream descends;
His feet the waters lave;
And o'er his head, that humbly bends,
The Baptist pours the wave;—

4 When, lo! a heavenly form appears,
Descending as a dove;
And wondrous sounds the assembly hears,
Proclaiming from above,—

5 "This is my well-beloved Son;
On him my Spirit rests;
Now is his reign of grace begun;
Attend his high behests."

6 The sacred voice has reached our ear,
And still through distant lands
Shall sound, till all his name revere,
And honor his commands.

221 L. M. BOWRING.

Jesus teaching the People.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came; of heaven he spoke;
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

222 L. M. BUTCHER.

The Miracles of Christ.

1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove,
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!

2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright, celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

223 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Transfiguration.

1 WHEN, at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ:
I see the King of glory shine;
I feel his love, and call him mine.

3 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His lustre, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

4 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

224 L. M. Sir J. E. Smith

"It is I; be not afraid."

1 WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said, —
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope, are fled, —
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

4 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know, or know him not.

5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead, —
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

225 L. M. MILMAN.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son!

226 C. M. COWPER.

Jesus hasting to suffer.

1 THE Savior, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

2 Good-will to men and zeal for God
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood;
He pants to reach the cross.

3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged him on.

4 Lord, while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

227 L. M. STENNETT.

"It is finished."

1 "'TIS finished!" so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!" all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 "'Tis finished!" Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

228 L. M. WATTS.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

1 HE dies, the heavenly Lover dies;
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heartstrings; deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

4 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's his sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

229 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Death.

1 I SING my Savior's wondrous death;
He conquered when he fell;
"'Tis finished," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

230 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The attractive Influence of the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight;
The Savior lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died:
'Twas love, that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

231 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Submission.

1 "FATHER divine," the Savior cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, though, like him, in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

232 S. M. WATTS.

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

1 WHO has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turned their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay;
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 "But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
"Shall prosper in his hand."

233 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom. Ps. 22.

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect thy Son,
Nor leave thy Darling to engage
The powers of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suffering Savior pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death —
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

234 S. M. WATTS.

Christ's dying and reigning. Ps. 2.

1 WHY did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
The Anointed of the Lord?

2 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

3 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath raised him from the dead
Hath owned him for his Son.

235 C. M. WATTS.

The Savior's Prayer.

1 MY God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

2 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

3 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

236 7s M. 6L. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time —
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Savior, teach us so to rise.

237 C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

For Easter Sunday.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

5 Jesus, the Friend of human kind
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he loved.

6 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

7 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath his powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

8 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

238 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

239 C. M. WATTS.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.

1 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

240 H. M. DRUMMOND.

"*Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory.*" 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 THANKS be to God the Lord,
The victory is ours;
And hell is overcome,
By Christ's triumphant powers!
The monster Sin
In chains is bound,
And Death has felt
His mortal wound.

2 Oppressed with guilt and woe,
In darkness long we lay,
Till Christ on earth appeared;
Then all was boundless day:
With terror struck,
The host of night
Fled in despair
To shun the light.

3 Now, o'er the vanquished tomb
Behold his trophy blaze, —
The banner of the cross,
That pours its streaming rays,
To mark the path
Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide
Our steps to God.

4 Give thanks to God the Lord;
The victory is won;
And up the path to heaven
Our march is now begun:

The hymn of joy
Exulting raise,
And shout aloud
The Savior's praise.

241 C. M. WATTS.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings;
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

242 L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Ascension.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high;
Behold the King of glory nigh;
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Savior's he.

2 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Savior, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

3 Raised from the dead, he goes before;
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

243 **H. M.** DODDRIDGE

Christ seen of Angels.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Savior known!
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoiled
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled;

And joyed to crown
The Victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

4 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

5 When, all arrayed in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

6 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise,
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise;
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

SECTION II.

CHRISTIANITY.

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244 C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah.

1 THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
And preached the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

245 S. M. WATTS.

Christ's Commission.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

4 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

246 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's mediatorial Kingdom. Ps. 89.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known: —
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The spirit of my grace.

3 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.

4 "Me for his Father and his God
He shall forever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
And I'll support my Son.

5 "My covenant stands forever fast;
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long."

247 L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of Christ. Ps. 45.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Savior King;
Jesus the Lord! how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord;
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

248 H. M. WATTS.

Christ the Guide and Shepherd.

1 GREAT Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came —
The joyful news
Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued,
And peace with heaven.

2 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Patron, and my Guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O, let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

249 L. M. MASON.

Christ the Image of God.

1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.

2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays,
When shining with reflected light, —

3 So in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

4 O thou, at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

5 While we thine image, there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

250 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

1 TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine;
Quickened by him, our souls shall live,
And cheered by him, shall grow and thrive.

4 O, may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day?

251 S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, thou Light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path which Christ has marked and trod
Will lead to endless day.

252 C. M. COWPER.

The happy Change.

1 HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.

4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal, —

6 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

253 7s M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitations.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste, —
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise; —

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn; —
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

254 C. M. WATTS.

The Invitation of the Gospel

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind, —

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

255 7s M. COWPER.

"*Lovest thou Me*"? John xxi. 16.

1 HARK, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, —
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be; —
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

256 L. M. WATTS.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands, —
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

257 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

258 L. M. DODDRIDGE

Salvation by Christ.

1 AND is salvation brought so near,
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky.

2 I ask not, who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ, the Savior, thence may come;
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.

3 From heaven, on wings of love, he flew,
And conqueror from the tomb he sprung;
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.

4 I sing salvation brought so near,
No more on earth expiring lie;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

259 L. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ. Ps. 85.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

260 H. M. DODDRIDGE

Blessing God for spiritual Blessings in Christ.

1 LOUD be thy name adored,
Thy titles spread abroad,
Of Christ, our glorious Lord,
The Father and the God:
Through such a Son,
Thy church's Head,
Thine honors spread
O'er worlds unknown.

2 Ten thousand gifts of love
From thee through him descend,
And bear our souls above
To joys that never end:

To heaven they soar,
Sustained by God,
And through the road
His arm adore.

3 Ten thousand songs of praise
Shall by the Savior rise,
And through eternal days
Shall echo round the skies:
New shouts we'll give,
And loud proclaim
The honored name
By which we live.

261 C. M. ENFIELD.

Example of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide!
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

262 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Example of Christ.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be —
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

3 O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
O, if we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

263 L. M. WATTS.

The Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

264 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned.

1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies
Shall speediest victory know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne, that glory, you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honors wear
While God himself shall live."

265 C. M. WATTS.

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

266 C. M. WATTS.

Praise for the Gospel. Ps. 98.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

267 C. M. WATTS.

A blessed Gospel. Ps. 89.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

268 C. M. WATTS.

Sinai and Sion.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke, —
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke, —

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

269 S. M. WATTS.

Moses and Christ.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, — a nobler name, —
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

270 S. M. WATTS.

The Law and Gospel.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling, from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
The epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands, —
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 Hence we awake our fear;
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armor of defence.

5 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

6 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

271 C. M. WATTS.

Paradise on Earth.

1 GLORY to God, that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

3 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet, celestial things.

4 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

5 But, ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

6 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

272 L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom. Ps. 72.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more; —

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice; —

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

273 L. M. Watts.

The Kingdom of Christ. Ps. 72.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time, be past.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

274 L. M. 6l. Watts.

The God of the Gentiles. Ps. 96.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
And sing the choicest psalm of praise, —
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

275 **H. M.** DODDRIDGE.

The Glory of the Church in the latter Day. Is. lx. 1.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

276 H. M. DODDRIDGE

The Triumph of Christ.

1 LOUD to the Prince of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise;
To him your vows be given,
And fill his courts with praise:
With conscious worth,
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He sallies forth.

2 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injured righteousness,
In thy retinue move,
And seek from thee redress:
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

3 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace, —
That grace which conquers all:

The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

277 C. M. WATTS.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Savior! O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

278 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Emblems of the salutary Effects of the Gospel. Is. lv. 10, 11, 12.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain:
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine;
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

279 8s & 7s M. COWPER.

The future Peace and Glory of the Church.

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken: —
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er ye,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

280 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Wilderness transformed. Is. xli. 18, 19.

1 AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view:
In all I trace.
Savior divine,
The work is thine;
Be thine the praise.

2 See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn;
The blushing rose,
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;

Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines,
Confess the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

6 O, when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes?
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

BOOK III.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SECTION I.

(p. 231.)

WHITSUNDAY, OR THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

SECTION II.

(p. 235.)

THE SCRIPTURES, THE INSPIRED WORD.

SECTION III.

(p 247.)

DIVINE INFLUENCES AND AIDS DESCRIBED, SOUGHT, AND CELEBRATED.

SECTION IV.

(p. 268)

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

SECTION I.

THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

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281 C. M. KEBLE.

Whitsunday.

1 WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice, exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud, —

6 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

7 Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back the appalling tone;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

282 C. M. BISHOP HEBER.

Whitsunday.

1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

283 **P. M.** SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS

The Holy Ghost the Comforter.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

284 L. M. { CHANDLER. From the Breviary

The Descent of the Spirit.

1 OUR prayer is heard; the holy Dove,
Sent from the Father's breast above,
Brings down to mortal man's abode
The gifts, the promised gifts, of God.

2 And, O, what wonders were displayed,
When he on earth his entrance made!
A blast, loud rushing through the sky,
Gave notice that the Lord was nigh.

3 And then the Holy Spirit came,
In form of fast-descending flame,
And rested on the assembled choir,
Like cloven tongues of living fire.

4 And those bright flames, thus gently shed
On each apostle's hallowed head,
Within their hearts and senses pour
A life and strength unknown before.

5 Amazed the Gentiles stand around,
And listen to the varied sound;
Each hears the gospel's glad command
In accents of his native land.

SECTION II.

THE SCRIPTURES.

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285 **L. M.** WATTS.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

286 **C. M.** MRS. STEELE.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

6 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

287 L. M. BEDDOME.

Excellence of the Gospel.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

288 C. M. WATTS.

The Excellency of Scripture. Ps. 119.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest,
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

289 S. M. WATTS.

God's Word most excellent. Ps. 19

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior and my God.

290 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Ps. 19.

1 GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed.

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil;—

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

291 C. M. COWPER.

The Light and Glory of the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age, —
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise, —
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

292 C. M. WATTS.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

3 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife.
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

293 L. M. WATTS.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word —
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here expressed,
Able to make us wise and blessed;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

294 L. M. WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compared. Ps. 19.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

295 C. M. WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 119.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book, —
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

296 S. M. WATTS.

The Book of Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
He here reveals his word:
We are not left to Nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

297 C. M. WATTS.

Instruction from Scripture. Ps. 119.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens thy rule obey;
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

298 S. M. Scott.

Searching the Scriptures.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite;
They bid us search and try.

2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart
May we with firmness own,
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

299 C. M. Watts.

Delight in Scripture. Ps. 119.

1 O, HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of shining gold.

4 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

SECTION III.

DIVINE INFLUENCES CELEBRATED AND SOUGHT.

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300 S. M. COWPER.

Dependence.

1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

5 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

301 C. M. COWPER.

Human Frailty.

1 WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

302 C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

God the Source of Strength. Is. xl. 28—31.

1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

303 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the Salvation of his People.

1 HOW long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy?

2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal Rock's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot?

3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view;
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

304 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God supplying the Wants of his People.

1 MY God, how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fixed his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living Spring,
These ample blessings flow;
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart hath loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

305 L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down;
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

306 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living Water.

1 BLEST Savior! Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller, through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
"Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below."

4 May this blest torrent, near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide,
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

307 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The healing Stream flowing from God, the Fountain. Ez. xlvii. 8, 9.

1 GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys we mortals know
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

5 To the dead sea the waters flow,
And carry healing as they go;
Its poisonous dregs their power confess,
And all its shores the fountain bless.

6 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

308 L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

A propitious Gale longed for.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale."

309 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God shining into the Heart.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
The unchanging Source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled;
"Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread.

3 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

4 Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine,
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Savior's face beheld.

5 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

310 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Growing in Grace.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odors fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frosts and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

5 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

311 L. M. DRYDEN.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

4 Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts;
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

5 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

312 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield;
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

313 C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

314 C. M. SALISBURY COL.

Divine Aid implored.

1 THINE influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.

2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need,
To form our hearts anew;
O, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show.

3 Father of light, thine aid impart,
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death,
And with the hopes of endless bliss
To thee resign our breath.

315 L. M. WATTS.

The Presence and Influence of God desired.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church through Christ his Son.

316 C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal Blessings.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God.

317 8, 7, 4s M. RIPPON'S COL.

A Blessing requested.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

318 L. M. COWPER.

"*My Soul thirsteth for God.*"

1 DEAR fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim:
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.

2 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

319 C. M. SMART.

Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.

1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me, in every various scene,
To keep my end in sight;
And, while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart, —

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love,
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

320 10s M. { DR. JOHNSON, From Boethius.

Imploring divine Light.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

321 L. M. BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

322 L. M. MERRICK.

Desire of Instruction. Ps. 119.

1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way;
So, to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

3 Give me to know thy words aright, —
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight, —
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

4 O, turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

323 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur, and their praise,
Is in thy presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill;
True science is to read thy name,
True life, to obey thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

324 L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above and all below; —

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

3 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim,
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

4 O Father, grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

325 L. M. HENRY MOORE.

For Steadiness of Principle.

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat, —

2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside,
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

326 7s M. MERRICK.

Seeking a clean Heart. Ps. 19.

1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

327 C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after Holiness. Ps. 119.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

328 L. M. COWPER.

Temptation.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guard and guide me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Savior through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

329 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Choice of the better Part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Savior divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then, let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Savior, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

330 C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for quickening Grace. Ps. 119.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in my way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

267

SECTION IV.

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT."

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331 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

What is Prayer?

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

4 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

332 C. M. WATTS.

Prayer and Hope. Ps. 27.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

333 L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

334 C. M. PARADISE ST. COL.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER in heaven, thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth,
Thy praise fill every tongue.

2 By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done,
So be thy perfect will obeyed
By all beneath the sun.

3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply;
O, grant each day our daily bread,
Nor other good deny.

4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.

5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threatening stand;
O, turn aside impending ills,
With thy almighty hand.

6 Thy sceptre all creation sways;
Thy power knows no control;
Thy matchless glory shall endure,
While endless ages roll.

335 C. M. POPE.

The Universal Prayer.

1 FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!—

2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;—

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

4 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

5 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

8 This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

9 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

336 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God, the Father of our Spirits.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot;
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They, wondering, to their Father rise;
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!

3 O, may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace,
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe and filial love.

337 C. M. H. M. Williams.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

338 L. M. Rippon's Col.

The moral Perfections of the Deity imitated.

1 GREAT Author of the immortal mind,
For noblest thoughts and views designed,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O, may the grace which pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

339 L. M. Merrick

Supplication to the Searcher of Hearts. Ps. 139.

1 O, HEAR me, Lord; to thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall;
O Lord, my prayer propitious hear,
And bow to my requests thine ear.

2 Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review;
With kind severity pursue,
Through each disguise, thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

3 To thee my inmost heart is known;
Regard me from thy lofty throne;
Nor e'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, heavenly Lord, deny.

340 C. M. SELECT COL.

Aspirations after the Christian Temper.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, Lord of all,
Of life the only spring,
Creator of unnumbered worlds,
Supreme, immortal King, —

2 Drive from the windings of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit;
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known;
O, give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food:
I ask not wealth or fame;
Give me an eye to admire thy works,
A heart to praise thy name.

7 May my still days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care,
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

341 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Devout Desires.

1 WITH pity, Lord, thy servant view,
As in the dust I lie,
Nor, while I raise my plaintive voice,
Disdain the broken cry.

2 Fain would I mount on eagles' wings,
And view thy lovely face;
But cumbrous burdens drag me down
From thine adored embrace.

3 Thy quickening energy diffuse
O'er all my inmost frame;
And animate these languid lips
To celebrate thy name.

4 Thy living word has wonders wrought;
Those wonders here renew;
And pour fresh vigor through my soul,
While I its glories view.

342 C. M. Rippon's Col.

The Request.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise: —

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

343 L. M. Bishop Heber.

The Bread of Life.

1 O KING of earth, and air, and sea,
The hungry ravens cry to thee;
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep.

2 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And, O, when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow; —

4 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live,
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

344 C. M. EXETER COL.

Imploring divine Protection.

1 LORD, through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 O, may I ne'er, with empty pride,
Of wisdom make my boast!
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And, in new griefs, I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

345 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Joy from the Presence of God.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin;
With thee each day be spent;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

346 S. M. PATRICK.

Holy Desires.

1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

347 C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 43.

1 SEND forth, O God, thy truth and light,
And let them lead me still,
Undaunted, in the paths of right,
Up to thy holy hill:
Then to thy altar will I spring,
And in my God rejoice,
And praise shall tune the trembling string,
And gratitude my voice.

2 O why, my soul, art thou cast down?
Within me why distressed?
Thy hopes the God of grace shall crown;
He yet shall make thee blessed;
To him, my never-failing Friend,
I bow, and kiss the rod;
To him shall thanks and praise ascend,
My Savior and my God.

348 L. M. Watts.

Safety in God. Ps. 46.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world, —
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

349 7s M. C. Wesley.

God our only Refuge.

1 FATHER, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy shelter fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Father, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found;
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

350 S. M. WATTS.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

351 C. M. WATTS.

Holy Resolutions. Ps. 119.

1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

352 C. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

Ps. 26.

1 O, JUDGE me, Lord, for thou art just;
Thy statutes are my pride;
In thee alone I put my trust;
I therefore shall not slide:
O prove me, try my reins and heart;
Thy mercies, Lord, I know;
I never took the scorner's part,
Nor with the vain will go.

2 Of sinners I detest the bands,
Nor with them will offend;
In innocence will wash my hands,
And at thine altar bend;
There, with thanksgiving's grateful voice,
Thy wondrous works will tell;
I love the mansions of thy choice,
And where thine honors dwell.

353 L. M. DODDRIDGE

Christ's Service.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power.

354 C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 6.

1 O HEAL me, Lord, for I am weak;
My bones are vexed with pain;
Let not thy hot displeasure speak;
Thy burning wrath restrain.
My soul what sore vexations try!
How long shall they assail?
Return, and listen to my cry;
Let mercy, Lord, prevail.

2 Of thee no memory remains
In death's relentless cave;
To thee ascend no grateful strains
Of glory from the grave:
With ceaseless pain I groan and weep,
So cruel are my foes;
My very couch in tears I steep,
My bed with grief o'erflows.

3 Depart from me, all who rejoice
Iniquity to share;
The Lord hath heard my moaning voice,
And listened to my prayer;
What though my foes despise the Lord,
And my destruction plot?
Vexation shall be their reward,
And sudden shame their lot.

355 C. M. Tate & Brady.

The Soul thirsting for God. Ps. 42.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

3 I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent; —

4 When I advanced with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful, sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

5 One trouble calls another on,
And, bursting o'er my head,
Falls spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.

6 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispelled this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

7 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

356 7s M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God. Ps. 42.

1 AS the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

357 S. M. FURNESS.

"*As the Hart panteth after the Water-brooks, so panteth my Soul after thee, O God.*" Ps. 42.

1 HERE is a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode;
O, how my heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!

2 As for the water-brooks
The hart, expiring, pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

3 I know thy joys, O earth,
The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.

4 But, ah, how woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed!
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.

5 What have I then below,
Or what but thee on high?
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
And in thee live and die!

358 C. M. COWPER

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

359 S. M. WATTS.

Looking upward.

1 THE heavens invite mine eye;
The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn, to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.

2 My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high, —

3 Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

4 Vain world, farewell to you;
Heaven is my native air;
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

360 L. M. WATTS.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon, —
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

4 Great All in all, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

361 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Glorying in God alone.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong, your valor trust;
Nor let the rich survey his store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

3 Glory, my soul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known,
That thou hast owned his sovereign sway,
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.

4 My wisdom, wealth, and power, I find
In one, Jehovah, all combined;
On him I fix my roving eyes,
Till all my soul in rapture rise.

362 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support in God's Covenant.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home, —

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will;
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

363 S. M. WATTS.

Safety in God. Ps. 61.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift my eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

364 C. M. WATTS.

God our Portion. Ps. 73.

1 GOD! my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

365 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the Happiness of his People.

1 MY God, whose all-pervading eye
Views earth beneath, and heaven above,
Witness if here or there thou seest
An object of mine equal love.

2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The nobler joys of heaven to know.

3 This feeble flesh shall faint and die,
This heart renew its pulse no more;
E'en now it views the moment nigh,
When life's last movements all are o'er.

4 But come, thou vanquished king of dread,
With thy own hand thy power destroy;
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
My Portion and eternal Joy.

366 C. M. MRS. STEELE.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders, unconfined,
Amid the unbounded scene of things
Which entertain the mind, —

2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering, specious wile;
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great Spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend,
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favor end?

367 C. M. WATTS.

The Soul's chief Delight in God.

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

3 Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wondrous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"
The prophet climbed, and died.

4 In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

368 L. M. WATTS.

Nothing on Earth to satisfy the Desires of the Mind.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That satisfies my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler, purer thoughts aspire.

3 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!

4 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

369 L. M. WATTS.

No Rest on Earth.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

370 C. M. MRS. STEELE.

God our Portion. Ps. 4.

1 IN vain the erring world inquires
For true, substantial good;
Whilst earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

2 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

3 Begone, ye gilded vanities;
I seek some solid good;
To real bliss my wishes rise —
The favor of my God.

4 To thee, my God, my soul aspires;
Dispel these shades of night;
Enlarge and fill these vast desires
With infinite delight.

371 C. M. WATTS.

God my only Happiness. Ps. 73.

1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And whilst, upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

4 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,—
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

372 L. M. WATTS.

God the Source of Joy here and hereafter.

1 LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

2 I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

3 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

4 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Savior and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

373 C. M. COWPER.

Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine!
And, — all harmonious names in one, —
My Savior! thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love, —
A boundless, endless store, —
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

374 C. M. DODDRIDGE

Secret Prayer.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O, may thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

375 L. M. WATTS.

Retirement and Meditation

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

376 C. M. WATTS.

Faith of Things unseen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight, —
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

377 **L. M.** WATTS.

Faith in God's Promises.

1 PRAISE to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

2 O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

3 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

4 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

378 L. M. WATTS.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

379 C. M. WATTS.

A living and a dead Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

380 L. M. COWPER.

A living and a dead Faith.

1 THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

3 With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates, bordered round,
The need of holiness expressed,
And called for fruit as well as sound.

4 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

381 C. M. SALISBURY COL.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

382 L. M. WATTS.

Religion vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the cravings of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

383 C. M. WATTS.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

384 C. M. Doddridge.

Sincere Love to Christ.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Savior's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb, in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

385 L. M. Watts.

Love to God and our Neighbor.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command, —
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

4 But, O, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

386 C. M. WATTS.

Charity.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare, —
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

4 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

387 S. M. Watts.

Communion of Saints. Ps. 133.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

388 S. M. { Prince's N. E. Vers. of Psalms.

Brotherly Love. Ps. 133.

1 BEHOLD, how good it is,
And what a joy to see,
When brethren with each other dwell
In love and unity!

2 'Tis like the precious oil
They poured on Aaron's head,
Which down his hair and garment flowed,
And fragrant odors spread.

3 Or as refreshing dew
On Hermon's mount distils;
Or like the pearly drops that shine
On Zion's joyful hills.

4 For there the Lord commands,
And doth his blessing give —
The foretaste of that blessedness
Which shall forever live.

389 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Sympathy.

1 HAIL, everlasting Prince of Peace!
Hail, Governor divine!
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!
What gentle laws are thine!

2 His tender heart with love o'erflowed;
Love spoke in every breath;
Vigorous it reigned through all his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 All these united charms he shows
Our frozen souls to move, —
This proof of love to him demands
That we each other love.

4 O, be the sacred law fulfilled
In every act and thought,
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot!

5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
By thy Redeemer's grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love
All earth and heaven embrace.

390 L. M. Scott.

The Fear of God.

1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name;
Against thee who shall lift his hand?
Before thy terrors who can stand?

2 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name, and keep thy word;
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends.

3 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin.

4 Never, O never from my heart,
May this great principle depart,
But act, with unabating power,
Within me to my latest hour!

391 C. M. Exeter Col.

Fortitude founded on godly Fear.

1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord;
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes,
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

392 C. M. WATTS.

Submission to afflictive Providences.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors, borrowed now
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, — blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

393 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Fortitude and Trust.

1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support your souls;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

2 He waits his own well-chosen hour,
The intended mercy to display;
His fatherly compassion moves,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 Blest are the humble souls, that wait
With sweet submission to his will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still; —

4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

394 C. M. J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all Changes.

1 FATHER divine, before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thy eye.

2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme!
O, still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favor die.

395 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Trusting in God.

1 PRAISE to the Sovereign of the sky,
Who, from his lofty throne,
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such souls his own.

2 The haughty sinner he disdains,
Though gems his temples crown;
And from the seat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

3 On his afflicted, pious poor
He makes his face to shine;
He fills their cottages of clay
With lustre all divine.

4 Among the meanest of thy flock
There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
If absent, Lord, from thee.

5 Poor and afflicted though we are,
In thy strong name we trust,
And bless the hand of sovereign love,
Which lifts us from the dust.

396 C. M. DARWIN.

Trust in God in Prosperity and Adversity.

1 THE Lord — how tender is his love!
His justice, how august!
Hence, all her fears my soul derives,
There, anchors all her trust.

2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste,
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.

3 He bids distress forget to groan, —
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.

4 His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.

5 For me, O Lord, whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring, —
Do all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring, —

6 O, grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resigned may run:
'Tis thine to give, or to resume;
And may thy will be done.

397 C. M. PARADISE ST. COL.

The Benefit of Affliction.

1 O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky,
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe,
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms! ye billows, roar!
My heart defies your shock;
Ye make me cling to God the more —
To God, my sheltering Rock.

398 C. M. MERRICK.

Acquiescence in the divine Will.

1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

399 L. M. NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

1 MY God, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

400 S. M. COWPER.

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

401 C. M. TOPLADY'S COL.

Habitual Resignation.

1 WITH God my Friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray;
Each object smiles; all nature charms;
I chase my cares away.

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies,
Afflictions from his gracious hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

402 L. M. WATTS.

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One: —
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high —
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 O, may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

403 L. M. WATTS.

The Penitent pardoned.

1 LO, from the everlasting skies,
Gently as morning dews distil,
The Dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

2 How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

404 S. M. WATTS.

Forgiveness of Sin on Confession. Ps. 32.

1 O, BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

405 C. M. COWPER.

The contrite Heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew!"
Seem weaker than before.

3 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break, —
And heal it if it be!

406 C. M. WATTS.

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live! —

3 We, — for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their counsels move;
We, — for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above!

4 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

5 Then shall our active spirits move;
Upwards our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

407 S. M. STERNHOLD.

Penitential. Ps. 25.

1 I LIFT my heart to thee,
My God and Guide most just;
Now suffer me to take no shame,
For in thee do I trust.

2 Remember not the faults
And frailty of my youth;
Remember not how ignorant
I have been of thy truth.

3 Nor after my deserts
Let me thy mercy find;
But of thine own benignity,
Lord, have me in thy mind.

4 His mercy is full sweet,
His truth a perfect guide;
Therefore the Lord will sinners teach,
And such as go aside.

5 For all the ways of God
Are truth and mercy both
To them that keep his testament,
The witness of his troth.

408 C. M. Watts.

Regrets for a Neglect of Privileges.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

409 L. M. Doddridge.

The wandering Sheep recovered.

1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft; —

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm;
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O, seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring souls do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

410 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Inconstancy in Religion.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.

6 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

411 S. M. Watts.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction. Ps. 25.

1 I LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

412 7s M. J. Taylor.

Sins confessed and mourned.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent; —

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain; —

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

413 8s & 7s M. F. Davison.

Ps. 86.

1 SAVE my soul, which thou didst cherish
Until now, now like to perish;
Save thy servant, that hath none
Help, nor hope, but thee alone.

2 Send, O send relieving gladness
To my soul oppressed with sadness,
Which, from clog of earth set free,
Winged with zeal springs up to thee.

3 Heavenly Tutor, of thy kindness
Teach my dulness, guide my blindness,
That my steps thy paths may tread,
Which to endless bliss do lead.

4 In knots to be loosed never,
Knit my heart to thee forever,
That I to thy name may bear
Fearful love and loving fear.

5 Thy kind look no more deny me,
But with eyes of mercy eye me;
O give me, thy slave, at length,
Easing aid or bearing strength.

414 L. M. WATTS.

Seeking Pardon and Aid. Ps. 51.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 O, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

415 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The accepted Worshipper. Ps. 15.

1 LORD, who's the happy man, that may
To thy blest courts repair —
Not stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?

2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves ; —

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round ; —

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect,
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect ; —

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good ; —

6 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

416 C. M. WATTS.

The Qualifications of a Christian. Ps. 15.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue,
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord,
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

417 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Man whom God approves. Ps. 24.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's;
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.

2 He framed and fixed it on the seas;
And his almighty hand,
Upon inconstant floods, has made
The stable fabric stand.

3 But for himself this Lord of all
One chosen seat designed;
O, who shall to that sacred hill
Desired admittance find?

4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free,
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down,
Whom God, his Savior, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

418 C. M. WATTS.

Dwelling with God. Ps. 24.

1 THE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who, among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his race;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors, —
The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations, but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

419 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Righteous blessed. Ps. 119.

1 HOW blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 Thrice blest, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
His favor sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed,
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ,
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O, then, that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside!
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free,
Convinced with joy that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

420 C. M. STERNHOLD.

The Righteous and Wicked. Ps. 1.

1 THE man is blest that hath not bent
To wickedness his ear,
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair, —

2 But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight,
And in that law doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

3 He shall be like the tree that grows
Fast by the river's side,
Which bringeth forth most pleasant fruit
In her due time and tide; —

4 Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourish still and stand; —
Even so all things shall prosper well
That this man takes in hand.

5 So shall not the ungodly men;
They shall be nothing so;
But as the dust which from the earth
The wind drives to and fro.

421 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Ps. 1.

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk, —

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night!

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispersed,
Like chaff before the wind.

5 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

422 C. M. WATTS.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked. Ps. 1.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat; —

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

423 C. M. BURNS.

The Righteous and Wicked. Ps. 1.

1 THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore; —

2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

3 That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

5 For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

424 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 1.

1 BLEST is the mortal whose delight
Is in the precepts of the Lord,
Who meditates them day and night,
And hears the holy gospel's word;
From the blasphemer's counsel turns,
Disdains his slanders to repeat,
The luring paths of sinners spurns,
Nor sits upon the scorner's seat.

2 For him prosperity shall flow;
Whate'er he undertakes shall thrive;
But with the wicked 'tis not so;
Like chaff before the wind they drive:
He, like the fruit-tree's planted stem,
Beside the river's brink shall bear,
While the green leaf shall fade for them,
Nor wealth nor honors shall they share.

3 In vain to mortal eyes concealed
The paths of righteousness and crime;
To Heaven's all-seeing eye revealed,
Man shall discern them, too, in time:

The blessing of the Lord shall fall
Upon the dwelling of the just;
While, by the doom of sinners, all
Their hopes shall crumble into dust.

425 C. M. WATTS.

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked. Ps. 37.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways;
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

5 And, lo! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of righteousness;
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

426 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Walking with God.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear!

2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne,
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought,
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be passed;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

427 L. M. WATTS.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint —

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

428 L. M. WATTS.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Savior's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

429 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

430 L. M. COWPER.

The Christian.

1 HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears;
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears;
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye;
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above,
God gives him all he can bestow —
His kingdom of eternal love.

6 My soul is ravished at the thought;
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

431 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Having the Son, and having Life in him.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall forever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigor give.

3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

432 C. M. WATTS.

The hidden Life of a Christian.

1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie groveling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his Life, appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day;
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot wheels!
How long is thy delay!

433 C. M. WATTS.

Christian Equity.

1 COME, let us search our ways and try;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same,
And ne'er delayed to pay his due,
Nor injured his good name?

3 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

434 L. M. 6L. WATTS.

The Blessings of the liberal Man. Ps. 112.

1 THAT man is blessed who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 His liberal favors he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs;
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up;
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

435 C. M. WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

1 GOD is a Spirit just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is sound.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

436 L. M. ENFIELD.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day, —
O, why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span;
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life, Father divine,
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

437 C. M. WATTS.

Humility and Submission. Ps. 131.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

438 L. M. J. Scott.

Meekness

1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath the Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

439 S. M. Keble.

The Pure in Heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his cradle and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

440 L. M. Rippon's Col.

Patience.

1 PATIENCE, O, what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove!

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 O for this grace, to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shore of endless rest!

441 C. M. Watts.

Holy Fortitude.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

442 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking first the Kingdom of God.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories dressed.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

443 C. M. WATTS.

Obedience better than Sacrifice. Ps. 50.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
And flocks and herds, are mine;
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near;
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honor due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best,
And those that tread my holy ways
Shall my salvation taste."

444 L. M. WATTS.

Holiness and Grace.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

445 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean,
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

3 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

4 His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

5 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and peaceful love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the heavenly Dove.

446 C. M. J. NEWTON.

True and false Zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

447 S. M. C. Wesley.

Watching, Prayer, and Perseverance.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give;
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

448 L. M. EXETER COL.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

1 GREAT God, my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend,
To thee I raise my humble prayer.

2 Endue me with a holy fear;
The frailty of my heart reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first-perceived approach of sin,
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

5 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart;
From guilt and error set me free;
Thy light, and truth, and peace, impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

449 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Watchfulness.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene;
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.

2 Now to the work of God awake;
Behold thy Master near;
The various, arduous task pursue,
With vigor and with fear.

3 The awful register goes on;
The account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night,
May bear me to my doom.

4 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

450 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The active Christian.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, — 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

451 L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Vigilance amidst Temptations.

1 AWAKE, my soul; lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

452 L. M. Mrs. Steele

The Christian's Resolution.

1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

453 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Light of good Examples.

1 GREAT Teacher of thy church, we own
Thy precepts all divinely wise:
O, may thy mighty power be shown
To fix them still before our eyes.

2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
And fill our breasts with heavenly zeal,
That, while we trust thy power to save,
We may that sacred law fulfil.

3 Adorned with every heavenly grace,
May our examples brightly shine,
And the sweet lustre of thy face
Reflected beam from each of thine.

4 These lineaments, divinely fair,
Our heavenly Father shall proclaim;
And men, that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

454 S. M. ENFIELD.

Compassion and Forgiveness.

1 I HEAR the voice of woe!
I hear a brother's sigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, my eye.

2 I hear the thirsty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.

3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would but cannot pay;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day?

4 Shall not my wrath relent,
Touched by that humble strain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
Nor will offend again"?

5 If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how present the prayer
For thy forgiving grace?

455 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Against following a Multitude to do Evil.

1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear,
We view the deluge rising round
With sorrow and with fear.

2 Yet when its waves most fiercely beat,
And spread destruction wide;
Thy Spirit can a standard raise,
To stem the roaring tide.

3 May thy triumphant arm awake,
Thy sacred cause to plead;
And let the multitude confess
That thou art God indeed.

4 Our feeble souls at least support,
And there thy power display;
Then multitudes shall strive in vain
To draw us from thy way.

456 C. M. WATTS.

Prudence.

1 O, 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life, agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and wars, begin
In little, angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their frame is prudence mixed with love;
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

457 S. M. MORAVIAN.

The Christian encouraged.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He every where hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

458 L. M. Sir H. Wotton.

The Character of a happy Life.

1 HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath; —

3 Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood,
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good; —

4 Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great; —

5 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend; —

6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

459 L. M. WATTS.

The Beatitudes.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

6 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

7 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

460 7s & 6s M. COWPER.

Joy and Peace in believing.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing on his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,

Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

461 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Peace growing out of Trust in God.

1 WEARY, and weak, and faint,
I cast mine eyes around;
My joints all tremble, and my feet
Sink deep in miry ground.

2 Despairing help below,
To heaven I raise my cries;
God hears, and his almighty arm
Outstretches from the skies.

3 I on that arm repose,
And all my fears are o'er;
New strength diffused through all my soul
Attests its vital power.

4 My mind in perfect peace
Thy guardian care shall keep;
I'll yield to gentle slumbers now,
For thou canst never sleep.

5 Happy the souls alone
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

462 S. M. WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin, —
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching, through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

463 L. M. COWPER.

Peace after a Storm.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O, let me, then, at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

464 L. M. COTTON.

A good Conscience the best Support.

1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience, to the last;—

2 That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.

3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed,
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4 Though Heaven afflict, shall I repine?
The noblest comforts still are mine;
Comforts which will o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God
When love supreme directs the rod?

6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day, —
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

465 L. M. WATTS.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!

5 They scorn to seek out golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

466 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Ps. 94.

1 BLEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

3 For God will never from his saints
His favor wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

4 The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

467 C. M. LOGAN.

Heavenly Wisdom.

1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honors joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

468 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Ps. 112.

1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honors crowned.

2 The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night, —
To pity the distressed inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.

3 His liberal favors he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

BOOK IV.

LIFE, DEATH, FUTURITY.

SECTION I.

(p. 371.)

LIFE.

SECTION II.

(p. 392.)

DEATH.

SECTION III.

(p. 403.)

FUTURITY.

SECTION I.

LIFE.

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469 **S. M.** **Watts.**

The Frailty and Shortness of Life. Ps. 90.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
  Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
  That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! the brittle clay
  That built our body first!
And every month and every day
  'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
  Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
  Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
  We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
  And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
  This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
  Of blest eternity.

470 C. M. WATTS.

The Shortness of Life.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

471 C. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

The Hour-Glass.

1 ALAS! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by,
The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was — Time shall be — drain the glass —
But where in Time is *now?*

2 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where, then, is *now?* In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM

3 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean:
To God let votive accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that Time denies
Eternity shall give.

472 L. M. J. TAYLOR.

True Length of Life.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 "He lived, — he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly; —

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night
To share the glory that succeeds.

473 S. M. DODDRIDGE

The Uncertainty of Life.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

474 C. M. WATTS.

Frailty of Life.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road,
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

475 C. M. J. Newton.

Vanity of Life.

1 THE evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die,
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

476 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 49.

1 WHY should I fear in evil days,
With snares encompassed all around?
What trust can transient treasures raise
For them in riches who abound?
His brother who from death can save?
What wealth can ransom him from God?
What mine of gold defraud the grave?
What hoards but vanish at his nod?

2 To live forever is their dream;
Their houses by their name they call;
While, borne by time's relentless stream,
Around them wise and foolish fall;
Their riches others must divide;
They plant, but others reap the fruit;
In honor man cannot abide,
To death devoted, like the brute.

3 This is their folly, this their way;
And yet in this their sons delight;
Like sheep, of death the destined prey,
The future scorn of the upright;

The grave their beauty shall consume,
Their dwellings never see them more;
But God shall raise me from the tomb,
And life for endless time restore.

4 What though thy foe in wealth increase,
And fame and glory crown his head?
Fear not, for all at death shall cease,
Nor fame, nor glory, crown the dead:
While prospering all around thee smiled,
Yet to the grave shalt thou descend;
The senseless pride of fortune's child
Shall share the brute creation's end.

477 L. M. 6L. DODDRIDGE.

The transitory Nature of the World.

1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glittering trifles gay and vain:
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.

2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below;
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,
When mourning o'er my withered joys:
So this deceitful world is known;
Possessed, I call it not my own,
Nor glory in its painted toys.

3 The empty pageant rolls along;
The giddy, inexperienced throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes;
It passeth in swift march away;
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy color dies.

4 My God, to thee my soul shall turn;
For thee my noblest passions burn,
And drink in bliss from thee alone;
I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
Fresh springing round thy radiant throne.

478 C. M. WATTS.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal. Ps. 39.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

479 L. M. J. SHIRLEY, altered.

1 THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

2 Princes and magistrates must fall,
And in the dust be equal made,
The high and mighty with the small,
Sceptre and crown with scythe and spade.

3 The laurel withers on our brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!

4 All heads must come to the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Preserve in death a rich perfume,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

480 C. M. WATTS.

Man frail and God eternal. Ps. 90.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust —
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

481 L. M. WATTS

Man mortal and God eternal. Ps. 90.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

482 C. M. WATTS.

Human Frailty, and God our Preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to the almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

483 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Human Frailty and divine Compassion.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

484 C. M. WATTS.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

1 BY glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.

2 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

3 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

4 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits,
To welcome travellers home.

5 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

485 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Blind and Weak led in God's Ways. Is. xlii. 16.

1 PRAISE to the radiant Source of bliss,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wondering eyes
A flood of sacred light.

2 In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace
Through all the heavenly road.

3 The ways, all rugged and perplexed,
He renders smooth and straight,
And strengthens every feeble knee
To march to Zion's gate.

4 Through all the path I'll sing his name,
Till I the mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
And anthems never end.

486 L. M. Watts.

Israel led to Canaan and Christians to Heaven. Ps. 107

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record —
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 In their distress, to God they cried;
God was their Savior and their Guide;
He led their march far wandering round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass, —
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

6 O, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

487 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The High-Way to Zion.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

488 S. M. Doddridge.

Singing in the Ways of God. Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form one pleasant song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears!
How open, and how fair!
No lurking gins to entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there; —

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise,
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honor to his name,
Who drew the shining trace;
To him who leads the wanderers on,
And cheers them with his grace.

489 L. M. Doddridge.

This Life leading to another.

1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead;
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass.

4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

490 C. M. MERRICK.

The Trials of Virtue.

1 PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed;
I viewed its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief my fear the dangers moved
That virtue's path enclose;
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But, O, what toils oppose!

3 For, see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O, how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

491 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Wise Use of the Light, before the Night cometh.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.

4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

6 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

492 L. M. WATTS.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

493 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The weeping Seed-Time and joyful Harvest. Ps. CXXVI. 5, 6.

1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with showers,
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive;
God bids the soul that seeks him live;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bear them home:
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

494 L. M. COWPER.

The narrow Way.

1 WHAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end;
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleased with a journey to the sky.

3 No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me;
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

495 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

SECTION II.

DEATH.

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496 C. M. LOGAN.

Frailty and Mortality of Man.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again;
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield, —

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

3 Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return;
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?

5 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

6 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

497 C. M. Bishop Heber.

Man's Mortality.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

498 C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

The Peace of the Grave. Job iii. 17—20.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

499 S. M. Doddridge.

Reflections on the State of our Fathers.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
And wealth, and honor gone.

3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

500 C. M. H. K. White.

Journeying through Death to Life.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

501 C. M. WATTS.

Death and Eternity.

1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go search the world beneath,
Where Nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death.

2 The tyrant! how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

4 Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
"These once were strong as mine appear,
And mine must be as they."

5 Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

502 11s M. Episcopal Col.

"*I would not live alway.*" Job vii. 16.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within.

2 I would not live alway; no — welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;—

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

503 L. M. Logan.

The Christian summoned to depart.

1 THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

4 I come, I come; at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

5 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

504 7s M. POPE.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears

With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

505 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the Soul's Support in Extremity.

1 MY soul, the awful hour will come;
Apace it hasteth on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 Whence, in that hour, shall I receive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain?

3 Great King of nature and of grace,
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

4 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear,
The meaning of each broken groan
Well noticed by thine ear.

5 O, fix me, by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eye no more,
And groans are changed to songs.

506 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Enoch's Piety and Translation.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace —
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell
With Adam's worthless race.

2 O, lead me to that happy path
Where I my God may meet;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briers wound my feet.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

4 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day,
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.

5 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
That break its way to God.

507 C. M. WATTS.

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through her darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

508 L. M. WATTS.

Courage in Death. Ps. 16.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

509 S. M. WATTS.

Triumph over Death.

1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

SECTION III.

FUTURITY.

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510 C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Victory through Christ over Death. 1 Cor. xv.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake, —

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled;
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

511 L. M. 6L. WATTS.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection. Ps. 89.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man —
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of Death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust"?
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

512 C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

3 Lo, I behold the scattering shades;
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

4 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

5 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise;"
And, lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

513 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

God quickening the Dead.

1 THE ever-living God
The expiring church shall raise;
Our hearts his promises receive,
And wake a shout of praise.

2 "Yes," saith the God of truth,
"My dead shall live again;
The foe shall see their Leader's breath
Reanimate the slain.

3 "The dew of heaven shall fall
In rich abundance round,
And a redundant harvest rise
To clothe the teeming ground."

4 Thy Zion, Lord, believes
A promise so divine,
And looks through all her flowing tears,
To see the glory shine.

514 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Prospect of Death and Judgment.

1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day, more awful, dawns;
And, lo, the Judge appears;
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
One precious hour, remain;
Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng;
For this, thy board surround;
Here may our service be approved,
And in thy presence crowned.

515 C. M. ADDISON.

Prospect of Judgment.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought, —

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O, let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul;
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace,
In that decisive hour
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

516 L. M. Bishop Heber.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

517 7s M. Bishop Heber

The last Judgment.

1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,—
Your redemption draweth nigh.

518 P. M. LUTHER.

Judgment Hymn.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

519 L. M. SIR W. SCOTT.

The last Day.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;—

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

520 P. M. ROSCOMMON.

Day of Judgment.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

2 The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

3 Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

4 Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

5 The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known;
And all with shame confess their own.

6 Prostrate my contrite heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

521 C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

Hope of Heaven.

1 SOON shall this earthly frame, dissolved,
In death and ruins lie;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepared above the sky.

2 A house eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once those prison walls are broke
By which 'tis now confined.

3 We know that, when the soul, unclothed,
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.

4 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
These hopes their God hath given;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.

5 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

522 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the everlasting Light of the Saints above. Is. lx. 20.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

523 C. M. WATTS.

Death and immediate Glory.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

524 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Honor that awaits the Faithful in a future Life.

1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the favorites of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honor! vast reward
Conferred on man by love divine!

3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
Happy the men whom Heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God! —

4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus wrought, and God approves!

5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright!

6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O, may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies!

525 C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes, —

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

526 C. M. WATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

527 C. M. WATTS.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
The adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before the Eternal All.

528 L. M. WATTS.

The Vanity of this World, and the Hope of a better. Ps. 17.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

529 C. M. WATTS.

Felicity above.

1 THERE'S nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod,
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

2 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to see his face.

3 Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages, why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

530 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Imperishable Riches.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store —
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

3 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possessed.

4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

531 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The near Approach of Salvation.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome, each declining day;
Welcome, each closing year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

532 C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven a Support under Trials.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all, —

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

533 C. M. WATTS.

The Martyrs glorified.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger fly as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

5 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

534 L. M. WATTS.

A Vision of the Lamb.

1 ALL mortal vanities, be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst the eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears!

2 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne!
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.

3 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honors to his name.

4 The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

5 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King!"

BOOK V.

TIMES, AND SEASONS, AND OCCASIONS.

SECTION I.

(p. 423.)

PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

SECTION II.

(p. 524.)

PRIVATE OCCASIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

SECTION I.

PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

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535 **L. M.** STENNETT.

The Christian Sabbath Morning.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day —
In holy pleasures — pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

536 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Sabbath Morning.

1 HARK! 'tis the holy temple's bell;
The voice that summons me to prayer:
My heart, each roving fancy quell;
Come, to the house of God repair.

2 There, while, in orison sublime,
Souls to the throne of God ascend,
Let no unhallowed child of time
Profane pollutions with them blend.

3 How for thy wants canst thou implore,
Crave for thy frailties pardon free,
Of praise the votive tribute pour,
Or bend, in thanks, the grateful knee, —

4 If, from the awful King of kings,
Each bawble lures thy soul astray?
If to this dust of earth it clings,
And, fickle, flies from heaven away?

5 Pure as the blessed seraph's vow,
O, let the sacred concert rise;
Intent with humble rapture bow,
Adore the Ruler of the skies.

6 Bid earth-born atoms all depart;
Within thyself collected, fall;
And give one day, rebellious heart,
Unsullied to the Lord of all.

537 **C. M.** { CHANDLER, From the Breviary.

Sabbath Morning.

1 NOW Morning lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned;
O, haste we, then, her light to hail,
In courts of holy ground.

2 But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,
Shines more divinely bright;
O, sing we, then, his power to save,
And walk we in his light.

3 When from the swaddling bands of shade
Sprang forth the world so fair,
In robes of brilliancy arrayed,
O, what a power was there!

4 When He, who gave his guiltless Son,
A guilty world to spare,
Restored to life the Holy One,
O, what a love was there!

5 Still, as the morning rays return,
To pious souls 'tis given
In fancy's mirror to discern
The radiant domes of heaven.

6 But, now that our eternal Sun
Hath shed his beams abroad,
In him we see the Holy One,
And mount at once to God.

538 S. M. Watts.

The Lord's Day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

539 C. M. Watts.

The Morning of a Lord's Day. Ps. 63.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

540 L. M. WATTS.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Ps. 92.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

541 C. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Day. Ps. 118.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace, —
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

542 S. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Day. Ps. 118.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

3 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

4 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thy altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

543 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal Sabbath.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues;—

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

544 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Lord's Day Morning.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.

3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey!
Be every heart an humble guest!

4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
O, may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart!
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

545 H. M. RIPPON'S COL.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls;
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn,
Thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail
In songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
The angelic host
Around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts
The Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou,
Who once wast slain,
Through endless years
To live and reign."

546 L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Sabbath Hymn.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! Creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

547 C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Sabbath Hymn.

1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

548 S. M. BULFINCH.

Sabbath Hymn.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day! —
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in thy sacred hour,
Within thy courts, we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day thine own
When men draw near their God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky,
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight,
And grant us in those courts to pray
Of pure, unclouded light.

549 L. M. WATTS.

God the Glory and Defence of Sion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
God's arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

550 S. P. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 HOW pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest;

The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

4 My tongue repeats her vows —
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

551 H. M. { PRINCE'S N. E. VERS. OF PSALMS.

Ps. 134.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Who in the Lord's house wait,
And keep your watch before
The threshold of his gate,
The Lord's praise sing
By silent night,
Till cheerful light
Of morning spring.

2 Lift, in his holy place,
Your joyful hands on high,
And say, "The Lord we bless,
Who made the earth and sky."
And may he still
Thee greatly bless,
With joy and grace,
From Zion hill.

552 L. M. Watts

God and his Church. Ps. 84.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our Sun; he makes our day;
God is our Shield; he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin —
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

553 C. M. Watts.

The Church our Delight and Safety. Ps. 27.

1 THE Lord of glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

554 S. M. WATTS.

The Beauty of the Church. Ps. 48.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well, —

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows, —
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die —
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

555 **H. M.** WATTS.

Longing for the House of God. Ps. 84.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

They praise thee still,
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

556 S. M. E. Taylor.

Invitation to the House of God.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all, —
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place,
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

557 L. M. SALISBURY COL.

The House of God.

1 LO, God is here! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

558 C. M. MILTON.

Delight in God's House. Ps. 84.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of hosts! how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long, and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

3 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

559 L. M. 6L. BISHOP HEBER.

Seeking Refuge.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

560 C. M. WATTS.

The Safety and Protection of the Church.

1 HOW honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Sion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

561 L. M. WATTS.

The Benefit of Ordinances.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armor on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

4 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience galled with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

562 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Ps. 65.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try,
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

563 L. M. WATTS.

The Pleasure of public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 God is our Sun; he makes our day;
God is our Shield; he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin —
From foes without and foes within.

3 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their Strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

564 L. M. J. TAYLOR.

Acceptable Worship.

1 O, HOW delightful is the road
That leads us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2 O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long concealed,
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word revealed.

3 For thee, O Lord, our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands —
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart, and liberal hands.

565 S. M. WATTS.

Seeking God. Ps. 63.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy — to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this —
To serve and please the Lord.

4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

5 Since thou hast been my Help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

566 **L. M.** TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

1 O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great —
A King superior far to all —
Whom by his title God we call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

567 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 95.

1 COME, let us sing unto the Lord,
The Rock of our salvation sing,
With joyful noise his praise record,
And thanks before his presence bring:
Great is Jehovah, great our God,
Exalted above all his throne;
The depths of earth obey his nod;
The mountain tops are all his own.

2 He made the sea; the land he made;
And both his matchless power reveal:
O, be the Lord our God obeyed;
O, come, before him let us kneel:
He is our Maker, — we his flock,
His people, by his pastures fed:
Let not your hearts be turned to rock:
O, hear his warning voice with dread.

568 7s M. J. Taylor.

The accepted Offering.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

569 8s & 7s M. J. Taylor.

Surrounding the Mercy-Seat.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws;
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

570 L. M. WATTS.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.

1 NATIONS, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

571 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Ps. 100.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise, —

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed —
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

572 L. M. WATTS.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

573 L. M. WATTS.

Longing after God. Ps. 63.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

3 With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

574 S. M. WATTS.

A Call to Worship. Ps. 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

575 C. M. WATTS.

A Psalm before Prayer. Ps. 95.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem, —
Those gods on high and gods below, —
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

576 C. M. BROWNE.

Acceptable Worship.

1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
O, how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my Friend?

3 O no, my soul; 'twere fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favor can obtain.

4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To God with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

577 C. M. DRENNAN.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown:
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

578 C. M. BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

579 C. M. MARTINEAU'S COL.

Sincerity in Worship.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

580 C. M. WATTS.

Delight in Worship. Ps. 84.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Savior and my God?

5 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

581 P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Solemn Invocation.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise;

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

582 C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing,
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

583 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The living Sacrifice.

1 AND will the eternal King
So mean a gift regard?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepared.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odor rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

584 L. M. Scott.

"*Ask and ye shall receive.*" Matt. vii. 7.

1 OUR Father, throned above the sky,
To thee our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.

2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name
By thee ordained, we now draw near,
And would the promised blessing claim.

3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famished son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?

4 Our heavenly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise,
And open thine unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries!

5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience to thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting, for success,
If persevering to entreat; —

6 For Jesus, in his faithful word,
The patient supplicant has blessed;
And all thy saints, with one accord,
The prevalence of prayer attest.

585 C. M. BRYANT.

Imploring the Compassion of God.

1 O GOD, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look ; —

2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.

3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.

4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace
Our truest bliss to find,
Nor sternly judge our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

586 C. M. ANONYMOUS

Close of the Evening Service.

1 SOON will our fleeting hours be past,
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.

2 May He, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end, —

3 And, as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve;
Till each receives the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

587 7s M. SALISBURY COL.

Humble Adoration.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

588 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Farewell.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

589 C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The good Seed. After Sermon.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

590 C. M. Bishop Heber.

The Seed of the Word.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast; —

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

591 C. M. Rippon s Col.

The Seed sown.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine: —
"Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine."

592 P. M. CONDER.

Peace with God.

TO all thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart;
And be thy Spirit shed abroad,
Thy love in every heart;
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,
May serve thee with a mind serene.

593 8s & 7s M. TOPLADY'S COL.

Hymn of Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

594 8s & 7s M. J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

595 7s M. J. Newton.

Benediction.

1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

596 C. M. Estlin.

Doxology.

1 THOU art the first, and thou the last;
Time centres all in thee;
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

597 C. M. Doddridge.

Christ's Regard to little Children.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
God's guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

598 S. M. PARADISE ST. COL.

Children devoted to God.

1 LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes, delighted, trace —
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children dost thou claim,
And mark them out for thine;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honor thy commands.

599 L. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

The Lord's Supper instituted. Matt. xxvi. 26—29.

1 'TWAS on that night, when, doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Savior of the world took bread;—

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:—

3 "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view."

4 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

5 "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 "With love to man this cup is fraught;
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In memory of my dying hour."

600 L. M. WATTS.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Savior from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

601 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

"This do in Remembrance of me."

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee; —

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me,
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

602 S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

2 Yes, that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
Were by the Savior borne.

3 O thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us?

4 We are persuaded now,
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in him who died; —

5 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace;
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

603 L. M. WATTS.

Communion Hymn.

1 HOW are thy glories here displayed,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Thy saints attend, with every grace,
On this great sacrifice,
And Love appears with cheerful face,
And Faith with fixed eyes.

3 Our Hope in waiting posture sits,
To Heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

604 S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 O FOR a prophet's fire,
O for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung!

2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear;
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.

4 Here, in the bread and wine,
Your dying Savior view;
Thus did he give his body up,
And thus his blood, for you.

5 These symbols of his death,
O, with what power they speak!
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,
Compared with these, are weak.

6 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls?
Forbid it, God, while through our veins
The vital current rolls.

605 C. M. E. Taylor.

Proper Dispositions for the Communion.

1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come;" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

606 **S. M.** PARADISE ST. COL.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board:
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Then let our powers unite,
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 And while we share the gifts
Which from his gospel flow,
O, may our hearts, to all mankind,
With warm affection glow.

607 C. M. BEDDOME.

For Communicants.

1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love he lived and taught;
Inspired by love he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honored name;
But, by a near resemblance, prove
The title which they claim.

608 L. M. WATTS.

Crucifixion to the World.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

609 C. M. PARADISE ST. COL.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes
His pity could subdue;
"Forgive them, Father!" he exclaimed;
"They know not what they do."

3 O, what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!

4 Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

610 L. M. BACHE.

"Greater Love hath no Man than this."

1 "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved, — who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies,
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise!

3 See how he loved, — who, firm, yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue!
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he loved, — who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death,
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath!

5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O, may our breast with ardor glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show.

611 C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Christ's Precept of Love.

1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its Author well.

3 "Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;—

4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

5 "He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And gives unasked relief.

6 "To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

8 "To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

612 C. M. E. Taylor.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 "O, NOT for these alone I pray,"
The dying Savior said,
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head, —

2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

3 No, not for them alone he prayed; —
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,
His feast of love to share;
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer!

5 O, ne'er in souls that seek his face
Let harsher passions reign,
To tell the unbelieving race
The Savior prayed in vain.

613 8s & 7s M. EXETER COL.

After Communion.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

614 L. M. DYER.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power, —

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

615 L. M. SCOTT.

Forms and Rites vain without Virtue.

1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.

4 Love God and man — this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

616 C. M. { CHANDLER, From the Breviary.

Fasting.

1 THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep;
And see, within the temple, how
Both priest and people weep!

2 But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

3 Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

4 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

5 O righteous Judge! if thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

617 7s M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Praise to God.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ, —

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use; —

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores; —

5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit; —

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall; —

8 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy; —

9 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee — for thyself alone.

618 C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Thanks for an abundant Harvest.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

619 **P. M.** FLINT.

On leaving an ancient Church.

1 HERE, to the high and holy One,
Our fathers early reared
A house of prayer, a lowly one,
Yet long to them endeared
By hours of sweet communion
Held with their covenant God,
As oft, in sacred union,
His hallowed courts they trod.

2 Gone are the pious multitudes,
That here kept holy time,
In other courts assembled now,
For worship more sublime.
Their children, we are waiting,
In meekness, Lord, thy call,
Thy love still celebrating,
Our Hope, our Trust, our All.

3 These time-worn walls, the resting-place,
So oft, from earthly cares,
To righteous souls now perfected,
We leave with thanks and prayers; —
With thanks for every blessing
Vouchsafed through all the past,
With prayers, thy throne addressing,
For guidance to the last.

4 Though from this house, so long beloved,
We part with sadness now,
Yet here we trust, with gladness, soon
In fairer courts to bow:

So when our souls, forsaking
These bodies, fallen and pale,
In brighter forms awaking,
With joy the change shall hail.

620 C. M. WATTS.

A Church established. Ps. 132.

1 THE Lord in Zion placed his name;
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo, thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

4 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

621 L. M. PIERPONT.

Dedication of a House of Worship.

1 O, BOW thine ear, Eternal One;
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote, these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept,
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,—
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

622 C. M. BRYANT.

Dedication Hymn.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

623 L. M. Episcopal Col.

Ordination of Ministers.

1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And by your labors sinners live.

624 L. M. Frothingham.

Ordination of a Minister.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed,
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.

5 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

625 L. M. BRYANT.

Ordination Hymn.

1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee;
And, in the darkness or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.

2 The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thine awful throne.

3 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

4 Nor thus content, thy gracious hand,
From midst the children of the land,
Doth raise to stand before our race
Thy living messengers of grace.

5 We thank thee that so bright a ray
Shines on thy strait and chosen way;
And pray that passion, sloth, or pride,
May never lead our steps aside.

626 C. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Ordination Hymn.

1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun,
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff,
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
Through sorrows and through scars;
*The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love, —
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above.

* Rev. ii. 1.

5 Teach thou thy youthful servant, Lord,
The mysteries he reveals,
That reverence may receive the word,
And meekness loose the seals.

627 C. M. BODEN.

In Behalf of the Poor.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair,
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care.

5 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
The hungering soul with joy we'll point
To Christ, the living bread.

628 C. M. COWPER.

For the Poor.

1 WHEN Hagar found the bottle spent,
And wept o'er Ishmael,
A message from the Lord was sent
To guide her to a well.

2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruise
Convince us, at this day,
A gracious God will not refuse
Provisions by the way?

3 His saints and servants shall be fed;
The promise is secure;
"Bread shall be given them," as he said,
"Their water shall be sure."

629 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Compassion to the Poor rewarded. Ps. 41.

1 HAPPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed;
When he's by troubles compassed round,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crowned,
In safety shall prolong,
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppressed with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

630 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Good Samaritan.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

631 7s & 6s M. BISHOP HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?

In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

632 C. M. WATTS.

Advantages of early Religion.

1 WHEN we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

633 L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Sunday Evening. For a Child.

1 AGAIN we've seen the Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven:
We thank thee, Father, and we pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2 May all we heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

634 C. M. GIBBONS.

Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb, —

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy Fear, thy Love, thy Hope,
Thy Confidence, thy Joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

635 C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

Remember thy Creator, &c. Eccl. xii. 1.

1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep on thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

636 C. M. Watts.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness. Ps. 34.

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeemed their souls.

637 L. M. WATTS.

The Hosanna of the Children. Ps. 8.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise,
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

638 L. M. WATTS.

Colonies planted. A Psalm for New England. Ps. 107.

1 WHEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids the oppressed and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence,
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

6 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

639 L. M. FLINT.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blessed, and soothed our age.

2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here,
And watch and guard them, as they grew,
A vineyard to the Planter dear!

3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe, through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

640 C. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

Hymn for the 22d of December.

1 WHEN, o'er the billow-heaving deep,
The fathers of our race,
The precepts of their God to keep,
Sought here their resting-place, —

2 That gracious God their path prepared,
Preserved from every harm,
And still for their protection bared
His everlasting arm.

3 His breath, inspiring every gale,
Impels them o'er the main;
His guardian angels spread the sail,
And tempests howl in vain.

4 For them old ocean's rocks are smoothed;
December's face grows mild;
To vernal airs her blasts are soothed,
And all their rage beguiled.

5 When Famine rolls her haggard eyes,
His ever-bounteous hand
Abundance from the sea supplies,
And treasures from the sand.

6 Nor yet his tender mercies cease;
His overruling plan
Inclines to gentleness and peace
The heart of savage man.

7 And can our stony bosoms be
To all these wonders blind?
Nor swell with thankfulness to thee,
O Parent of mankind?

8 All-gracious God, inflame our zeal;
Dispense one blessing more;
Grant us thy boundless love to feel,
Thy goodness to adore.

641 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 149.

1 SING to the Lord a song of praise;
Assemble, ye who love his name;
Let congregated millions raise
Triumphant glory's loud acclaim:

From earth's remotest regions come;
Come, greet your Maker and your King;
With harp, with timbrel, and with drum,
His praise let hill and valley sing.

2 Your praise the Lord will not disdain;
The humble soul is his delight;
Saints, on your couches swell the strain,
Break the dull stillness of the night;
Rejoice in glory; bid the storm,
Bid thunder's voice his praise expand;
And, while your lips the chorus form,
Grasp for the fight his vengeful brand.

3 Go forth in arms; Jehovah reigns;
Their graves let foul oppressors find;
Bind all their sceptred kings in chains;
Their peers with iron fetters bind.
Then to the Lord shall praise ascend;
Then all mankind, with one accord,
And freedom's voice, till time shall end,
In pealing anthems, praise the Lord.

642 C. M. JERVIS.

The Designs of Providence in the Changes of the World.

1 GOD, to correct a guilty world,
In wrath is slow to rise,
But comes at length in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His awful banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare,
And, stained with blood, with terrors marked,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly glory, pomp, and pride,
Are in his presence lost;
Empires o'erturned, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tossed.

4 While war and misery prevail,
And desolation wide,
In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Dark and mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way;
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet, though enveloped in the cloud,
And from our view concealed,
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty revealed.

7 Then will he curb the lawless power,
The deadly wrath of man,
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

643 L. M. AIKIN.

In Time of War.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race, —

3 O, see with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage,
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

5 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above, —
"My creatures, live in mutual love."

644 L. M. WATTS.

Prayer and Hope of Victory. Ps. 20.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry;
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

645 L. M. 6L. KIPPIS.

National Thanksgiving.

1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our various comforts spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The blessings liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
Our land through every age shall own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

4 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O, still may God among us reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

646 C. M. WATTS

Thanksgiving for Victory.

1 ZION, rejoice, and, Judah, sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Now let our country own her King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurled;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquished by his breath,
And legions, armed with power and pride,
Descend to watery death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

647 L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Praise for national Peace.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult, reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain, —

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then Peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet Peace! with her what blessings fled!
Glad Plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving Commerce lifts her head.

5 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O, may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

648 C. M. WATTS.

Honor to Magistrates.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

4 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

649 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

For New Year's Day.

1 MY Helper, God, I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close, the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand,
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

650 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For a new Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year,
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

651 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

For a new Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

652 P. M. Wesley's Col.

For a new Year.

1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

653 7s M. J. Newton.

Time, how swift!

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find, —
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love,
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

654 C. M. WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year. Ps. 147.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry,
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

655 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Year crowned with the divine Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

6 O, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

656 C. M. PEABODY.

The Autumn Evening.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

657 6s & 4s M. Mrs. Hemans.

Funeral Prayer.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine! —
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God!

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

658 P. M. BISHOP HEBER.

Funeral Hymn.

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Savior has died.

659 P. M. MILMAN.

Funeral Hymn.

1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown, —
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

660 L. M. WATTS.

A funeral Ode.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
And angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form:
It must ascend to meet the Lord.

661 7s M. METHODIST COL.

Death of the Righteous.

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead;
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed:
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

2 Followed by their works they go
Where their Head is gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

662 C. M. WATTS.

"Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord."

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:—
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

663 L. M. S. WESLEY.

The Young cut off in their Prime.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And, gay, their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

664 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

On the Death of a Child.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot, bear?

3 Can reason's dictates be obeyed?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid!
O, let Religion then be nigh;
Her comforts were not made to die.

4 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

5 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

665 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Death of Children.

1 SURE, to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

2 On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

3 There, at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

4 That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.

5 Closed in this dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

6 But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb, —

7 No passion fierce, no low desire
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns, unsullied, as it came.

666 7s & 6s M. C. WESLEY.

Adieu to a departed Christian Friend.

1 FAREWELL, thou once a mortal,
Our poor, afflicted friend;
Go, pass the heavenly portal,
To God, thy glorious end.

2 The Author of thy being
Hath summoned thee away;
And faith is lost in seeing,
And night in endless day.

3 With those that went before thee,
The saints of ancient days,
Who shine in sacred story,
Thy soul hath found its place.

4 Acquainted with their sadness,
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now their gladness,
And joys that never fail.

5 No loss of friends shall grieve thee;
That — we alone must bear;
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.

6 From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped to-day;
And we shall mount to-morrow,
And soar to thee away.

667 C. M. WATTS.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

668 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of an aged Minister.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice of midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

669 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support under the Loss of Ministers.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;—

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

670 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Gospel Treasure in earthen Vessels.

1 HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favors, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean, when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servants share!

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth;
Yet grace the victory gives;
Quickly they moulder back to earth;
Yet still thy gospel lives.

5 Such wonders Power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
Long monuments of praise.

SECTION II.

PRIVATE OCCASIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

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671 C. M. WATTS.

A Morning Psalm. Ps. 5.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

5 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

672 L. M. WATTS.

A Morning Psalm. Ps. 3.

1 TIRED with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

2 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

3 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He raised my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

673 C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAG.

Morning Hymn.

1 ON thee each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes;
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blessed,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

674 L. M. Bishop Kenn.

Morning.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

675 L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Morning Hymn.

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 O, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

676 L. M. KEBLE.

Morning.

1 O, TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 O, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask —
Room to deny ourselves — a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

677 L. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

678 C. M. WATTS.

An Evening Psalm. Ps. 4.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give my eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

679 7s M. DODDRIDGE.

Before Sleep.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head;
Welcome, slumbers, to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities.

2 My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose;
By my heavenly Father blessed,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same;
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot.

4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good;
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.

5 Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee;
Guarded thus I sink to rest,
Folded in a Father's breast.

680 7s M. DODDRIDGE.

In the Night Watches.

1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way; —

3 While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise, —

4 'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.

5 Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear;
From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

6 He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews, —

7 Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

681 7s M. DODDRIDGE.

A Thought of Death suggested in the Night.

1 WHAT if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2 What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

4 See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates displayed!
See the crown, to grace my head!

5 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell;
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Welcome sleep, or death, to me,
Still secure, for still with thee.

682 L. M. WATTS.

An Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

683 L. M. Bishop Kenn.

Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close —
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne;
Praise God, the high and holy One.

684 P. M. Bishop Heber.

Evening Aspiration.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light, —
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night, —
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

685 C. M. Bowring.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All-wise, all-holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim:
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar; —

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given,
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st; and what is man
Before thy presence, God?
A breath but yesterday inspired,
To-morrow but a clod:
That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

686 **C. M.** LIVERPOOL C.

Evening Hymn.

1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O, let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blessed!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
At length, to realms of endless light,
Enraptured, let me soar.

687 L. M. KEBLE.

"*Abide with us, for it is toward Evening.*" Luke xxiv. 29.

1 'TIS gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last, faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night, if thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

688 L. M. WATTS.

Morning or Evening.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

689 P. M. H. Ware, Jun.

Prayer at Morning and Evening.

1 TO prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smiles awakes:
His light is on all below and above —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

2 To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

690 C. M. H. K. White.

A Family Prayer.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

691 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

In Sickness.

1 LORD of all worlds, let thanks and praise
To thee forever fill my soul;
With blessings thou hast crowned my days, —
My heart, my head, my hand control:
O, let no vain presumption rise,
No impious murmur in my heart,
To crave the boon thy will denies,
Or shrink from ill thy hands impart.

2 Thy child am I, and not an hour,
Revolving in the orbs above,
But brings some token of thy power,
But brings some token of thy love:

And shall this bosom dare repine,
In darkness dare deny the dawn,
Or spurn the treasures of the mine,
Because one diamond is withdrawn?

3 The fool denies, the fool alone,
Thy being, Lord, and boundless might,
Denies the firmament, thy throne,
Denies the sun's meridian light;
Denies the fashion of his frame,
The voice he hears, the breath he draws;
O idiot atheist! to proclaim
Effects unnumbered without cause!

4 Matter and mind, mysterious one,
Are man's for threescore years and ten;
Where, ere the thread of life was spun?
Where, when reduced to dust again?
All-seeing God, the doubt suppress;
The doubt thou only canst relieve;
My soul thy Savior-Son shall bless,
Fly to thy gospel, and believe.

692 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness. Ps. cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chastening stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bowed thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our laboring breath;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

693 C. M. WATTS.

A Morning Song. For a Child.

1 MY God! who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

694 C. M. WATTS.

An Evening Song. For a Child.

1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

695 L. M. PIERPONT

Morning Hymn. For a Child.

1 O GOD, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be thou my Guide and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

696 L. M. PIERPONT.

Evening Hymn. For a Child.

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my Sun,
And thou wilt be by night my Rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

697 C. M. WATTS.

The aged Christian's Prayer. Ps. 71.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my Strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

698 C. M. WATTS.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope. Ps. 71.

1 MY God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

699 C. M. ADDISON.

The Traveller's Hymn.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

700 L. M. WATTS.

The Seaman's Hymn. Ps. 107.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind,
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

701 L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Ps. 107.

1 O THAT the race of men would raise
Their voices to their heavenly King,
And with the sacrifice of praise
The glories of Jehovah sing! —
Ye navigators of the sea,
Your course on ocean's tides who keep,
And there Jehovah's wonders see,
His wonders in the briny deep!

2 He speaks; conflicting whirlwinds fly;
The waves in swelling torrents flow;
They mount, aspire to heaven on high;
They sink, as if to hell below:
Their souls with terror melt away;
They stagger, as if drunk with wine;
Their skill is vain, — to thee they pray;
O, save them, Energy divine!

3 He stays the storm; the waves subside;
Their hearts with rapture are inspired;
Soft breezes waft them o'er the tide,
In gladness, to their port desired:

O that mankind the song would raise,
Jehovah's goodness to proclaim!
Assembled nations shout his praise,
Assembled elders bless his name!

702 L. M. WATTS.

The Exile's Hymn. Ps. 137.

1 WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,—
The brooks of Babylon the proud,—
We thought on Sion's mournful state,
And wept her woes, and wailed aloud.

2 Thoughtless of every cheerful air,—
For grief had all our harps unstrung,—
Our harps, neglected in despair,
And silent, on the willows hung.

3 Our foes, who made our land their spoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues
Bid us forget our groans awhile,
And give a taste of Sion's songs.

4 How shall we sing, in heathen lands,
Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord, shall our lips, at their commands,
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain?

5 O, let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still;
Let some avenging power bereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill,—

6 If I thy sacred rites profane,
O Salem, or thy dust despise,
If I indulge one cheerful strain,
Till I shall see thy towers arise.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 **S. M.**

TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their grateful praises bring.

2 **S. M.**

TO God, the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

3 **C. M.**

TO him who reigns in worlds of light,
The Eternal King of heaven,
Be honor, majesty, and might,
And praise, and glory, given.

4 **L. M.**

TO Him who dwells in heavenly light,
Beyond the reach of human sight,
The King supreme, the Lord of heaven,
Be endless praise and honor given.

5 **7s M.**

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

6 **H. M.**

GLORY to God on high!
Forever bless his name;
Let earth, and seas, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
To him be praise
And glory given
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

THE END.